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"MEMS"

OF

A TEN WEEKS' CONTINENTAL TRIP,

BY A MADRAS CIVILIAN,

ON FURLOUGH:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

SOME STRAY POETICAL EFFORTS:

AND

A COLLEGE ESSAY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO., PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1852.

200. a. 65.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

PREFACE.

A Preface, almost always an usual, becomes often a necessary, appendage to a "Work," and doubly so when, as in the present instance, it has to serve as apology for the presumption of which it is the herald.

The unpretending little miscellany herewith ushered into public notice, has been the creature of circumstances, which, although quite unconnected in themselves, have yet combined towards its production; and that, too, despite the powerfully antagonistic fact, that not one line of its contents was ever originally penned with the remotest view to publication.

The "Mems," or notes, were the *bonâ fide* and simple result of the views and feelings demonstrated on their opening page; added to a promise, recorded in the "Home Department" before quitting, of perpetrating something of the sort for the especial edification of its members, with the proviso, that any diffuse "epistolary" reports of progress should be dispensed with meanwhile.

On their subsequent discussion of the connected account thus generated, it was favourably estimated by the "*select few*" admitted to its perusal, and by them declared to embody, as a whole, much useful subject-information, conveyed in a compressed, though not, on that account, *too* mere matter of fact a form.

Yielding to the consequent recommendation and *request* of those I most desire to gratify, I have consented to its publication—honestly disclaiming, however, any and every view and feeling apart from that desire—pretending to nothing, and therefore deprecating "Criticism."

My little narrative may, however, at any rate claim the merit of being truthful in matter—innocent of "*cooking up*" for publication—and detailing nought but actual experience. It will show how very much *can* be seen in a short time—for comparatively very little money—and without very much fatigue; as well as, in a measure, how best to compass the same. "*Such* is all I claim for it;" soli-

citing, albeit, "patience" on the reader's part, to enable the formation of his judgment of it as a "whole," not throwing the little volume down, after the perusal of a few pages, because these haply may be deemed to consist of nought but dry, unprofitable, detail.

My little bark thus once launched on the dubious sea of authorship, steered boldly on, and its pilot, forgetful for the nonce as to whether the public might not consider its burden already too heavy, took on board sundry Fragments of Poetry, or Rhyme, it found floating there—fragments which it is heartily hoped, will not, for a long while, become "*dry*."

Afflicted with the Rhyming mania from earliest boyhood, my consequent transgressions have been many, though, happily for their present aggravation, the Muse's theme was almost always of so local, personal, or private a nature, as to leave but few exceptions which could *possibly* interest a general reader.

Those few exceptions, and even those scarcely such, have been embodied herewith; and must, at least, serve to save my "bantling," from the imputation of being altogether "*prose-y*."

Of the nine effusions composing the above, the two last come from among those perpetrated in early youth—ere their writer's seventeenth year, to wit; and the four preceding, ere his twenty-first —a circumstance, recorded, as a necessary plea for indulgence.

The Essay was a college production, which has been dragged forth from a bundle of scribblings penned beneath "the light of other and long bygone days," to bear, with its companions, the more "trying" light of "publicity."

April, 1852.

MEMS OF A TEN WEEKS' TOUR.

DIARIES I affect not: they are puerile, as well as troublesome. Scribblers are by name, and in verity, "Legion;" but the public inflictions, in the shape of "Pencillings by the Way," exceed either, whether numerically, or in abomination. 'Tis nathless excusable, "for a man's own edification," to record scenes and incidents, during times and journeyings, which may, and probably will, never again occur; which, when the present, as it too soon will, shall have become the long past, he may revert to, whether for pleasure, profit, or warning; and which may haply become matters of interest to private friends; perchance, also, enabling [redacted] to benefit, [redacted] or mitigate,

ERRATA.

Page 27—for "diminution" *read* "dimnition."
Page 28—for "hollow" *read* "old."
Page 31—for "passeports" *read* "passeport."
Page 33—for "particular" *read* "particularly."
Page 34—"mental" to be omitted.
Page 63—the semicolon (;) placed *before* the word "throughout" should be *after* it.
Page 71—for "Don's" *read* "Dons."
Page 84—for "the Ideal" *read* "th' Ideal."
Page 87—the comma (,) put after the word "desire" should be omitted and placed after the word "though."
Page 91—for "forgets" *read* "forget."
Page 95—the "n" in "pthinei" omitted.
Page 109—for "illusion" *read* "allusion."

[illegible] porters and coachmen, and a most abominable landing place, I was completely disgusted, or perhaps I ought to say, should have been, had I not been as thoroughly amused at the proceedings, actual and verbal, of a short apoplectic-looking John Bull, who was a miserable type of those miserable creatures, who leave their own country to vent loud grumblings on all they see, hear, and experience, and who obtain for their countrymen in general a character neither enviable or deserved.

A *special* train (usually, if not always,) leaves Ostend for Brussels and Cologne, for the benefit of the passengers by the mail steamer, who are, as must always be the case, having been so with our most favourable passage as to weather, too late for the usual 6 a.m. or first train; and by this, having imbibed a most excellent cup of coffee at a small hotel on the other side of the bridge, just opposite the railway station, I left for Brussels, reaching it, after a comfort-

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able but slow transit, about 11 a.m. on the 5th; 25 hours only from home; despite a delay of some hours both in London and Dover.

There I decided, from among many, to go to the Belle Vue Hotel, a decision I would not recommend to others. The table d'hôte was but indifferent; the attendance similar; wines, ditto over again; charges by no means moderate; whilst there is nothing like style or comfort about the place; dirty tin candlesticks, with tallow dips, and neither snuffer or extinguisher; carpetless rooms; a nearly bare table for washing stand; damp towels; and great carelessness; at least such was the "*bachelor* treatment" both self and others who accompanied me thither experienced; the inviting dormitory just described, being at an elevation, that would have rendered the ascending room at the Collisseum no extravagance to make use of, whenever its attainment became desirable; its shape being, moreover, just that of a small arched cellar; whilst I was shown to it by (the weakly pun must out, as consequent on the fact,) as veritable a *scélérat* in appearance as man need to look upon. By way of example, as to bill, and as a warning to those who fancy an ordinary English breakfast of cold or hot meat and eggs, I will just quote the charges in mine own for that same:—Coffee, bread, and butter, 1½ francs; half a fowl (the result of my simple order for a little cold fowl), 2 francs; tongue for one, 1¼ francs; a total, for a plain *déjeûner*, of 4¾ francs, on the cheap Continent. Lights, at 1 franc per night; and most indifferent sparkling wines, whether Burgundy or Champagne, 8 francs. Wine is not put down at the table d'hôte, as usual in Germany, and recourse must be had to the carte.

Somewhat of diligence allows the traveller to see many of the principal lions of the place the same day, after mid-day, to wit; at least I did so; and, among others, a lace manufactory, which was highly interesting, and which I left, no longer impressed that the expensive article was too highly priced, so toilsome, slow, and minute is each process. The Convocation or National Assembly House for the Deputies, is a fine building, *en dedans*, that is, and worth a visit; but the picture gallery in the Duke D'Alembert's palace should be *certainly* seen, as it may, for a fee of a franc to the porter (a tall, jovial fellow, who will give any information required). It contains a splendid collection of the best works of the Flemish school. The Park and the Boulevards, surrounding the town, afford a pleasant stroll. There are two Operas, French and Italian, both usually fairly good, the charge for a stall at either being but five francs, with tickets for which, you may roam the house over. On Saturday, the 5th, I went to see the old "Barbiere" at the latter; and, *proh pudor!* witnessed "The Prophéte" at the former, on Sunday. "*Mais à Rome*," &c., &c.

Two Americans joined me in my trip to Waterloo (to visit which, indeed, I had come Brussels-ward, it being my second appearance there), undertaken next day, the 6th; and whilst sharing the damage (viz., twenty francs for a pair-horse britzka, from Suffell and Vyse's, 12, Rue St. Laurent), also lightened the ennui of the to and fro. With one, a Mr. G., an attaché of their Embassy, I exchanged cards, and found a nice, well-informed, and

far-travelled man, a sample of many others of his nation it was my happiness afterwards to fall in with, and from whom (purposing a trip across the Atlantic shortly) I received a cordial invite, *chez lui*, at Washington. The other was a thorough Yankee, with twang and ideas in unison—a retired tea merchant, going slick through down Romewards, and then home, with such fund as he might amass of chatter and notions, to end his days with. His matter-of-fact queries, on the field of Waterloo, bothered our loquacious guide somewhat, whilst his deductions amused us; his idea of Napoleon's generalship, before "A. 1," falling, as he admitted, greatly, when finding the French had, at Hougomont, blazed away for hours at a brick wall, believing they were doing so at the *genus humanum* in the shape of British soldiers. Our guide, a certain (something) Peinson, had been guide to Lobau at the battle, a fact no sooner understood by our Yankee, than he badgered him sadly, as to why on airth he, being a nat-*ive*, born hard by (at Planchenoit, to wit), had not told him better. In vain the poor devil pointed out that he merely did as ordered, with a hundred other *pourquois;* nothing sufficed; and the man of "tea" sadly lamented the stupid waste of "gunpowder"! This Peinson, by the way, is a very fair guide (a rather tall, nice-looking fellow, of some 55 years old). The best way of seeing "the Field" is to drive direct to Hougomont, and return by the Belgic Monument, to the Duke's position, opposite La Belle Alliance, reaching Mont St. Jean again (where the coachman will have gone to bait his horses,) by the Charleroi road. You are expected to give a franc both at Hougomont and the Belgic Mount. Having left Brussels at 9½ a.m., we did not get back until half-past 4 p.m., and did not waste any time.

At a little before 9 a.m. next morning, the 7th, left for Cologne by rail, a nine hours' trip, and costing, first class, "24¼ francs," which I mention, as Bradshaw is, or was, incorrect; noting the charges as "10 francs" to Verviers, and "11" only thence to Cologne. Luggage, too, is charged for *additionally*, according to weight, through Belgium, as well as, I believe, over the greater part of the Continent; though a certain weight is, on some lines, allowed free of charge. Tickets are given for luggage as well as places, and must be as carefully kept, in order to claim it again, or compensation, if lost, they, the railway officials, being *wholly responsible* for its transit, and safe and correct delivery; quite the reverse of what it is in England. All the traveller does is to go to the weighing room, see it weighed, pay the damage, receive his ticket for it, and leave it to its fate, "*incontinently;*" and proceeding, on arrival at his destination, with all other passengers, to the luggage van, round which, lacking a luggage room, as is sometimes the case, a small space is roped off, into which the contents of the said van are disgorged, seriatim, the number of each package being called out as ejected, and then is his time to claim and carry off, giving up, as he *must*, his ticket. A carpet bag the traveller may retain, *en main*, and take into the carriage with him, without its being either weighed or paid for. This system obtains, I believe, more or less everywhere on the continent.

The specified nine hours carried me to Cologne, and through a large slice of Belgium, with its varied scenery, busy towns, and great associations; the former of which the very comparatively slow travelling permits one to see no little of *en passant*. The flat, prim-looking country between Ostend and Brussels, relieved by successively passing the noted towns of Bruges, Ghent, and Malines; the more undulating lands between there and Liege; and the *very* lovely hill scenery between that and Aix la Chapelle; taking the traveller by Chaufontaine, with its hot springs; Pepinster, within five miles of the famous Spa; and Verviers, the great cloth mart and wealthiest town in the Netherlands; have, as indeed has almost every other scene and place of note on the great Continent, been so oft and well described, that I shall not make other than this brief reference thereto. Each city has its beauties and its associations, and each should have its separate visit; a visit I had, in my case, paid on a former trip to some of them, or should not have now neglected it. The descent into the Valley in which Liege stands, (down an inclined plane,) affords a lovely scene, and I would fain have halted to enjoy it awhile, but that one's traps cannot be recovered until arrival at wherever ticketed for. Thence, too, as far as Aix, the traveller should, if possible, have both eyes out of each window at once; from Aix to Cologne, or nearly so, he may rest them. At the station at Verviers, I may mention, there is a very good restaurant, where the half hour's delay, consequent on a change of carriages here, allows one to refresh the inner man.

Having had three complete and opposite sets of companions during this day's journey, and experienced since then considerable kindness from the last, I shall record the series herein now, for a smile and a kindly thought hereafter. A German family, *père, mère, fils, et grandmère*, started from Brussels with me; evidently of the higher class, well educated, and *comme il faut*. Nathless, after a while, grandmamma grew thirsty or faint, or both, and to my surprise, embraced with both hands a quart bottle of Malaga, obtained from Mons. son fils, and took a lengthy pull from the mouth of it, with her own wrinkled, but clearly, powerfully sucking one. Mons. et Made., to my surprise, followed suit; but, to my horror, as I knew not how to escape, having *malheureusement* previously complained of faintness, they terminated by tendering the *social bottle* for my own suction. [N.B. "Grandmamma slabbered!"] I got off the abomination with difficulty. Such is foreign *empressement;* and they, worthy souls, meant it all *de bonne foi* and kindly. Three French ladies and a pursy pasty looking male as convoy to a pair of them, were my next companions, and a most laughing and vivacious confab we had; indeed, I was quite sorry when we parted. They, were succeeded by an old gentleman with a youth and demoiselle, whom I discovered to be his children, and that they were returning to Munich, their residence, from a tour in England. The lady, a well-informed, good natured person, soon began to talk English, and by the time we reached Cologne we were all on the best of terms.

Here the baggage is examined, though but very slightly: my own not at all, on my simply stating I was on a tour of pleasure. Half

an hour's drive to the other side of the town brings you to the Station for Bonn, an hour's distance by rail, and for which I started at half-past 7 p.m.; having still an hour and a half for strolling about Cologne, which, however, I had previously visited; and if not, it would have been too dark to see anything. My Munich acquaintances went on to Bonn with me, and thence, next day, up the Rhine to Mayence, where we parted and exchanged cards—I receiving with theirs, a kind invite to present myself, *chez eux*, on arrival at Munich. My friend was, I found, a Dr. B—, Physician to the King, and Privy Counsellor.

At Bonn, "The Golden Star" will be found an *excellent* hotel. Getting up, of course, *de "bonne" heure*, after a most comfortable rest, in a clean bed, I took a fiacre, visited the chief lions, Beethoven's Statue, Cathedral (a very ordinary affair,) and University to wit, and saw most of the town before 8 a.m; getting to the steam wharf in time to catch the boat, passing upwards to Mayence direct; accomplished, in exactly 12 hours.

This piece, embraces the most beautiful part of the river, too often described, for me to again tread the beaten road. Mayence I had seen, so on landing there at 8 p.m., put my trunk, &c., on to a porter's shoulder, and trotted him across the Boat-bridge leading to Castel, the Railway Station for Frankfort, for which I left at half-past 8 p.m., arriving at my hotel, "the White Swan" to wit, about 10 p.m.; an hotel, where there is plenty of civility, but unfortunately, to my eye, dirt in proportion. Others, however, may be *de même*, and this was full, so I suppose in good repute.

Frankfort, seems a fine well-built town, and contains much to interest. In going out, albeit, unless I was peculiarly unfortunate in my day, or my streets, and an erroneous impression been the consequence, it will be well to scent the pocket-handkerchief or carry something to assist the nose. A propos of *noses*, by the way, a most singular family (I presume *au moins*) got out of a carriage when we stopped at Louvaine. There were *five* of them, and *each* with a nose *precisely similar* to the other, the said noses being *really immense*, and projecting like water-spouts. Verily it might be said of their sixth companion in the same carriage, "*Nos(c)itur a sociis!*" *Mais, à nos moutons:* Frankfort and its lions to wit.

The Museum is very extensive, containing several departments in the bird, beast, fish, reptile, skeleton, mineral, and general curiosity line, and should have a full day devoted to it, which, I am sorry to say, I had not to spare. The Picture Gallery contains some fine pieces: one, a large painting by Lessing, with Huss in the foreground, struck me particularly; there are, however, many of great merit. At the Hotel de Ville is shown the arched hall where all the German Emperors dined after coronation, their several figures being painted all round the place. Hard by is the Senate House, a circular building, and erst a church, well worth a visit, particularly after all that had so recently transpired in it. I found that a quantity of wood had been chipped off the seats formerly occupied by Blum and others, who fell victims in the revolution, and taken as mementos. The bijou, however, of Frankfort, is Danneker's splendid, wonderful, beautiful statue

citing, albeit, "patience" on the reader's part, to enable the formation of his judgment of it as a "whole," not throwing the little volume down, after the perusal of a few pages, because these haply may be deemed to consist of nought but dry, unprofitable, detail.

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April, 1852.

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[illegible]

porters and [illegible] completely disgusted [illegible] I not been as [illegible] of a short apo[illegible] those miserable [illegible] grumblings on [illegible] for their countrymen [illegible] deserved.

A *special* train [illegible] Brussels and [illegible] steamer, who are [illegible] most favourable [illegible] or first train: [illegible] coffee at a small [illegible] the railway [illegible]

of Ariadne. World-famous as it is, it would be idle for me to descant on it: I looked, till I verily fancied it lived, moved, and had being. A journey to Frankfort for the *sole* purpose of seeing this surpassing work would be well repaid. In the evening I heard Der Freischutz, and tolerably well given, with a fine orchestra; admission very moderate, the best places being but about 3s. Sitting with me were two nice gentlemanly fellows, and one of the prettiest girls it ever fell to my lot to see: she was *beautiful*. The party being English we fell into conversation, and sorry was I when nine o'clock (the time the Opera ends here) came. 'Twas a living face, almost fit to come after the marble wonder I had so lately gazed at. But to earth again.

Next morning, the 10th, saw me again under weigh, or rather under steam, leaving by the 10½ a.m. train for Heidelberg, where I arrived at a quarter-past one p.m.—dined, and well, at the Hotel Shroeder, close to the station (at which I had left my traps in the custody of the officials), and took a carriage up to the far-famed Castle, a full quarter of an hour's drive, having to ascend a great deal. Here one may ramble and enjoy the fine views and scenery around for hours; but I had them not; though sufficient time to fully see all there was, the great tun included. For this purpose an hour and a half or two hours amply suffices. There is a fixed charge of two florins (I think it was) for a pair-horse vehicle, including a couple of hours or more waiting there, to return; very dear; but the steep ascent is the reason.

Having seen, then, the Heidelberg wonders and dined, I was once more *en chemin* for Baden-baden at a quarter-past four p.m., arriving there at twenty minutes past seven in a wretched downpour, which, faith, had lasted the whole day, and prevented my enjoying the scenery, which, to the left of the road, is rather fine, nearly all the way, being a continuous range of hills, beautifully wooded and studded with villages, &c.

I may here note, for the benefit of whom it may concern, that the second class carriages throughout Germany, I believe, are excellent: those I rode in yesterday were quite equal to our own first class, and had *spring cushions*, padded backs, lamps, windows all round, &c., &c. Hear that, ye grinding directors of English railways! The first class had, I observed, nice tables, *au milieu*, and elegantly fitted up—the second, albeit, quite suffice for *comfort*.

Baden I found well nigh empty, and looking sair triste. Verily, though, 'tis a sweet and romantic spot; and with its splendid Conversation Hall and Salons de jeu; fine pump room and its well executed frescoes; varied and pretty walks on the hill behind, and *tout autour; il y a de quoi s'amuser*. I did not, nathless, linger long, but, having paid my subscription to the Duchy, in the shape of a few Napoleons lost at Rouge et Noir, and desirous of avoiding the *chance* of being tempted into the folly of attempting to recover, or in other words, renew it, started off again the next night for Carlsruhe.

This is, *selon moi*, the stupidest hole in Germany; and I should not have remained a day had I not been obliged, to

suit the time of the malle poste for Stuttgart, which leaves every night at 10 p.m.; and a *mal* post, in sooth, it is; for we did not accomplish the 46 miles intervening, until seven next morning—nine mortal hours. At Carlsruhe, by the way, one is very comfortable at the Hotel d'Angleterre, where the host is a good fellow: it is not more than five minutes' walk from the station.

Hard by the Poste at Stuttgart stands the Hotel de Russie, not, I believe, the first there, which is Marquard's; but I was tired and famished, so rushed into the nearest. It is not *very* comfortable, but the host is an obliging fellow, speaking English and French, (a great thing to any one ignorant of German,) and very amusing to boot. He commented laughably on the changed nature (as he termed it) of English travellers: 'twas erst, said he, (recalling his former experiences at Geneva, after the peace in '15,) "how high is my bill?" payment forthwith, and d— the items; *now* it is "what price, those rooms?" "this charge is dear?" &c. 'Twas Sunday, too, and he was comparing the *gaieté* of even a German town, with the "nothing but *ding-dong*," as he termed it, of ours in England, where he had passed some years. I spent an odd enough, though by no means disagreeable, day. Attending morning service at a room, where the few English residents congregate, near the Palace, and where a German performs our English service; I afterwards strolled for a couple of hours through the very pretty and exceedingly extensive pleasure grounds, extending from the town Palace nearly to Rosenstein, the country one, and having at the end of them two *very fine* marble statues of horses rampant, greatly admired. *Après cela*, into the Museum or Picture Gallery, which is open on this day, and well worth a visit; my postprandial wind-up being, the enjoyment of Mozart's splendid "Don Giovanni," given at the Opera—itself, a pretty building, both within and without, attached to the Palace, and belonging to and kept up by the King, at a considerable loss annually, so low are the admissions; as indeed everywhere on the Continent: the best places here cost but 2½ francs. "Pishek" was the "Don." On Monday I went to visit Rosenstein, and the Prince's villa and grounds on the hill opposite, about three quarters of an hour's walk from the town. The former is full of paintings, most of them Oriental subjects; some, very fine ones; and in the dining hall, a most tastefully got up apartment, are several admirable marble statues, by the first sculptors—one, representing the Graces, particularly chaste. This is merely a day residence, not having any sleeping apartments: the railway to Ulm passes directly *under* it. To visit these places, as well as the King's palace in town, tickets are necessary, but readily procured by your host, at a charge of six kreutzers only each to the commissaire who fetches them. I was disappointed when presenting myself for admission to the latter, by finding the royal family at dinner, and did not think it worth while to defer my projected departure for Ulm, at 2 p.m., in order to return and see it, *plus tard*, as requested. Stuttgart is, altogether, a very pretty little place, nicely situated, with pleasing environs, and very well worth a visit.

Unless desirous of remaining at Ulm, where, save the Cathedral,

there is but little inducement for it, one can go direct from Stuttgart to Munich in some twenty hours, allowing a three or four hours' halt at Ulm. I did so. Leaving Stuttgart at two p.m. by rail, I reached Ulm at half-past five; a five minutes' ride from the station in the omnibus brought me to the "Crown Prince Hotel," which is close by the poste, whence, after a good supper (which you *get* here), I started again at nine p.m. for Ausburg, by the malle poste, arriving there about five a.m., in ample time to breakfast before the three-quarter past seven o'clock train started for Munich, which it reaches at ten a.m. The ride to Ulm is pretty—in parts a very pretty one; particularly about Sussen, the midway station, where there is a fine old castle to the left; and after passing Geislingen (where the people make and offer for sale very pretty little bone ornaments, &c.), whence we shortly reached a marvellously steep ascent, for a railway, over a mountain, with *such* a rapid rise that I was surprised we did not roll back again. The scenery about here is very fine. One passes also, en route, a number of quaint interesting-looking old towns, and sees, too, women doing the work of men—mowing and ploughing *á merveille*. The carriages are very comfortable, and management excellent, the second class being, as I before observed, all one could desire for comfort. They differed, however, from what I had before seen, being each some three or four and twenty feet long, with nicely cushioned and backed seats for two on each side, and a passage up the middle, where passengers and guard walk about most commodiously at pleasure. The carriage I was in, held forty-four persons, and comfortably, being moreover, some eight feet in height. They are so constructed on many of the German lines, as also on that from Verona to Venice, and are quite curious after, as well as a most favourable contrast with, our wretched second class accommodation in England. The line from Ausburg to Munich is not so comfortable or well managed, but still as gold to copper compared with ours; always in every case, by the way, excepting *speed*, which seldom exceeds fifteen miles per hour average. The Ausburg station is about ten minutes' ride from the poste, and it is well to proceed thither at once, walking, if conveyance, as is most likely, is not procurable at that early hour, and getting traps carried by a porter; for *there* is found a capital restaurant and good breakfast, which you miss at the wretched Auberge hard by, whither we, were induced, indeed obliged, to go and take it, waiting there for the omnibus; a dead set having been made at us for the purpose. A more beastly hole I have seldom broken fast in—reeking with the smell of last night's smoke and suppers, the *quoi manger* for breakfast, being in keeping.

The country between Ausburg and Munich is pretty enough, particularly the latter part, where the Bavarian Alps are seen to the right, looking, as they then did, lovely, being covered with snow, and the morning sun shining directly upon them from the opposite heaven. The Station at Munich is a fine one, in keeping with the city, which, particularly in the newer parts, is very striking. I arrived *à la bonne heure*, it being the Queen's birthday, and selected, in consequence, for the opening of a new arch, at the bottom of the Ludwig-strasse

(*the* street of Munich). The ceremony was in progress when I got there, assisted at by the King, Queen, the King of Greece, Duchess of Darmstadt, the whole Court, and some thousands of troops of all arms, all of whom I saw pass from the windows of my quondam acquaintance, Dr. B——, who resides here, and who, with his family, gave me a most cordial reception. The King is a fine gentlemanly-looking man, and the Queen a very pretty woman; troops, too, looked *comme il faut*, particularly the horse artillery. There are, in addition to the magnificent colossal figure of Bavaria, just out of the town, several fine bronze statues in different parts of it, whilst numbers of very handsome and fitting female models for such, pervade the streets. I have seldom seen so many good-looking women together, as were congregated, on the above occasion, in the Ludwig-strasse, and again, at night, at the Theatre; which is a very pretty one, and which was illuminated; the "Barbiere" being well enough given. *Rachel* was there, and to play the next night but one, I could not however afford to wait for the treat. The King's Palace is a very extensive building, whilst old Ludwig has built himself an extremely pretty one, hard by, and not far from where the famous "Lola" erst resided. Her house had still the iron Venetian blinds, which were necessary for her protection when residing there. Not far from it are the Pinathothek, or Picture Gallery, and the Glypthothek, or one for statuary, both fine buildings; the former a magnificent one, and containing an immense number of rare pictures, of all times and schools. From the manager here, you get a ticket, gratis, for the Glypthothek, without which, however, you cannot enter it, but of which, all I saw was, unfortunately, the said ticket, having mistaken the hour of admission, and being unable to wait another day for the sole purpose of seeing it. I had well nigh, too, missed the pleasure of admittance into the Pinathothek; for, on my getting there, with young B—— (who was doing the cicerone), we discovered that it was closed for a week, to allow of a general cleaning. Whilst standing, *dehors*, and I suppose (by the sequel) looking sadly disconsolate, a lady who was passing, joined us, asked what was our *malheur*, and, on learning, at once volunteered assistance, saying she knew the manager, and would rout him out, as I was a stranger. In she went, and faith, 'twas open sesame; though sundry pieces of silver had just before failed with the porter; who is, by the way, a *giant*, quite a sight, being between seven and eight feet high, and large in proportion. Our lady was indeed a friend in need, and I thanked her proportionately. Young B—— told me he knew her by sight, and that she was (though now in years,) so like Lola Montes, as to have been frequently exposed to insult, in consequence: she bore the traces of considerable beauty.

The Royal Library in the Ludwig-strasse, is another, and indeed a Royal, Lion; a really magnificent edifice; the largest of the sort, I should fancy, in the world. Then there are Churches, *usque ad nauseam*. Two or three, however, as the Frauen Kirche, (or Cathedral,) the Basilica, and Jesuits, are worth a visit, as perhaps all, if nothing better to do. I found three days, including those of arrival and departure, enough to see the major part of this fine city,

though, could gladly, had time been mine own, have lingered two or three more. Mine host, was he, of the "Golden Stag," a comfortable enough hotel, with a capital *table d'hôte*, and nice room for a warm bath; a luxury I enjoyed—indeed needed, on arrival, after my rather smart locomotion.

A chambermaid, here, took forcible possession of a place in my memory, from the very singular process she went through in sewing on a button to the neck of my shirt, which had, unfortunately, been already donned. After stooping towards her fair person (50, fully, and redolent of garlic,) for several minutes, and anticipating momentarily a release, suddenly, down fell the devoted button; where the d—ble her stitches, which had been *Legion*, were made, I wot not; evidently though, neither through or around the button itself. This, she then proposed changing for another, declaring it a bad one; and, without exaggération, I had to endure another, I should fear to say *how*, protracted martyrdom, or needledom, ere I was *en cas* to proceed with my toilette. All this while, be it observed, the ceremony at the arch aforenamed was going on, and I kept from it, so, 'twas not "neck or nothing!" So much for a Bavarian FRAU *de chambre's* handy work. My bed room, as faith I find few German ones are, was not very comfortable; though bachelors, I fancy, always get the second-rate dormitories. The *table d'hôte*, albeit, was first-rate, and charge *very* moderate.

So far through Germany, be it observed, indeed, as far as, and at, Innspruck also, the florins are 12, more or less, to the pound sterling: the *Austrian* florin being but 10. It will be well also to notice both here and through Austria, that paper money (the main circulation apparently in it) is always *de facto*, at about 20 per cent. discount; and, as you can pay both hotel bills and travelling expenses with it, (with but few exceptions,) 'twill be always a gain to change your own English or other money for as much "paper" as you will be likely to require, and pay *it* away. For example, in changing a sovereign for *silver*, I got 30 Zwanzigers, or 10 "Austrian" florins, whilst, by taking *paper*, I got as much as represented 11½ florins, and payable as such. Neither do you get any allowance made at any public office by tendering silver; *i.e.* supposing your place from Trieste, say to Laibach, is chargeable in the sum of 8 florins, they will receive the 8 in paper: whilst, if 8 silver ones were tendered, they would only be received at their actual, and not at their relative value—that is to say, about 9. I I saw a lady, *par exemple*, asked for nine florins, the cost for self and luggage, and which sum I had just myself paid, in paper; she tendered Napoleons, which are worth 8 *silver* florins each, and at which alone they accepted them: whilst, had she got paper for them before coming, she could have obtained 9½ florins per Napoleon, of which 9½, nine, would have sufficed.

This is a long yarn, but the information is useful. In Venice and Lombardy, paper money is not current: that is to say, they wage, I believe, a paper war with Austria, by steadily refusing it as currency; and, as the showman observed relative to Napoleon's running away, "Not so much to be blamed, neither."

Here I am at *Florence*, on the 7th day of November, and not a scribble, by way of reminiscence, since I noted such as arose from my sojourn at Munich; *en route* therefore must it be with the pen, as it has been, somewhat rapidly since then, with the person; or, my sundry scraps of memoranda jotted down here and there as land marks, on all sorts of bits of paper, will be somewhat difficult to fill up *in extenso;* so much has passed in review in so short a period.

Leaving Munich (and with regret) at 5 p.m. with the Courier, Innspruck is, or should be, reached about mid-day next day; in my case, however, it was not so until 2 p.m., roads preventing. 'Twas a lovely moonlight night, permitting, though night, a tolerable view of the country we passed through, which, though apparently pleasing, lost all comparative interest, with reference to what followed.

I went to sleep, comparatively hot, about midnight, but awoke shortly before daybreak, feeling chilly, and surrounded by a wild mountainous country. We were rapidly ascending, (I mean rapidly *de facto*, not in speed,) and as dawn stole over the scene, the hitherto indistinct *autour* gradually and beautifully developed itself, looming clearer and clearer, against the cold pale sky; displaying lofty mountains, and frowning rocks, which, as day itself illumed them, proved to be covered with snow; this last lying, as we ascended, still higher towards Mittenwald, on the *road side* also; the grass, where it was visible, being covered with frost; the road, hard with the same; and the water, where not deep, all frozen. This sudden and unexpected change—from a *very warm* day at Munich, to a freezing cold, was strange; but *how* strange to one who, like myself, had not seen snow or felt really cold for "12 years," may be imagined, or haply, may not. I felt its effects, however, apparently, far less than my fellow passengers, who looked sadly frost-bitten and miserable when *hors de voiture,* ascending on foot, at the conductor's instance; and a poor half-frozen looking Italian, who occupied a place in the *coupé*, (an open one,) eagerly availed himself of my offer, to exchange for mine *à l'intérieur*, looking on me as half-witted, and not appreciating my desire to get the fine and uninterrupted view which his afforded. [All places by the way with the couriers and *malle poste* soever, cost the same; and, as to choice, 'tis "first come, first served."] A splendid sun lighting up the snow-clad scenery, rendered it, at least, to my unused vision, a lovely sight; especially, when, as we early wound amongst the loftier mountains, his yet unrisen rays gilded their summits; themselves appearing, as they peeped out here and there, over and amongst the dark masses below and around them, like lesser suns.

At Mittenwald, we changed carriages, the Bavarian for the Austrian, the frontier being passed, soon after leaving it, and baggage examined. A word, however, ere my adieu to Mittenwald, to remind me that I here parted company with a most agreeable and shrewd youth, a German (though I should have believed him English), from Munich, who had established himself at New York, coming over annually, to purchase a variety of *notions*, and, amongst others, largely in violins, for which, he told me, Mittenwald was

famous, and whither he had come, so far, to lay them in, wholesale; selling them again, in cases of 50 and 100, at a great profit, in America.

At the Austrian frontier, I was much amused, at the expense of the Italian aforenamed, and with whom I afterwards became *grand ami*. After examining our several passports, they ordered, his luggage, into the office, and his only; scrutinously examining it. He re-entered the vehicle, *tutt' arrabbiato*, and 'twas some minutes ere he could give vent to his disgust, both at the fact of his having been the only traps examined, and, at the untoward result of the said examination. The former, on asking to see his passport, I readily accounted for, from the double circumstance of its showing him to be a "Milanese" and a "merchant" (however unsatisfactory the reasons to himself); but the latter was, verily, an iniquity. The poor fellow smoked—and that, tobacco—through a Turkish pipe. At Munich, he had laid in a stock of *the* thing, carefully minding, that it was Austrian, or at least of authorized importation, and bearing (as it did) the imperial seal. On finding the packet, however, the frontier officials declared it to be contraband, despite all his protestations, and the glaring support of their correctness, afforded by the stamp upon it, mulcting him smartly, and adding insult to injury, by administering a lecture to boot. I don't remember, for years, seeing a man so excited; it lasted him to Innspruck. I happened also myself to have been actually smoking, one of a considerable travelling stock of (of course) contraband cigars, till within 50 yards of the barrier, only putting it away, just in time; so, a real culprit, escaping, unquestioned, and unsuspected even, served as bellows to his anger, which, however, *enfin*, I managed to laugh him out of.

The last two posts, descending into the valley, where lies nestled the mountain city, the Emperor's refuge, the capital of faithful Tyrol, is very beautiful. Innspruck itself, however, did not strike or please me, as much as I had anticipated, though 'tis a well-built and clean town, and looks extremely well, from the heights, towards the Brenner pass. I was, however, much pleased with the very fine view, from the bridge, up and down the river; a view, considerably enhanced, on this occasion, by the circumstance of the hills around being snow covered, and a lovely sunset's just illuming them, as I reached the spot. The "Hofe Kirche" is a fine one, and the bronze statues of various German Emperors, some twenty in number, with the splendid tomb of Maximilian, in the centre, add greatly to its interest. The Theatre is a sombre place. I heard "Norma" there, but indifferently given; all operas too, *selon moi*, losing sadly, when the language is German.

There are two excellent hotels, opposite to each other; the one, quite new, spacious, and very clean, yclept "D'Autriche," and where I stayed; well nigh, by the way, carrying off with me a warm souvenir of my entertainment. I had solicited the chambermaid (really these German femmes de chambre are sadly *maladroites*, as a body,) to warm my bed; and, on being informed 'twas *tout prêt*, undressed speedily, jumping in, nothing doubting, though I found

cause to jump out again still more nimbly, and doubting too, very considerably; to wit, whether I had not undergone, at least, a partial cauterizing; for, nestling, just in the middle of the bed, was a pan (handle-less) full of hot coals, which the imp in petticoats had left ensconced there, to shed its genial warmth around; 'twas a regular case, of the "*calidum cum*," and might have been a se(a)rious affair.

The courier for Verona leaves at 5 p.m., so that, going with him, you lose the most beautiful part of the scenery, to avoid which, I preferred the penance of imprisonmcnt, in one of the many privatc vehicles, which ply Verona-wards, by day only; intending to travel with it, two days' journey, as far as Botzen, and take the post, thence, onwards. So vile, however, was the travelling, the wretch of a driver halting at every other cabaret we passed, to drink; occasionally getting down to chat with some friend he met, and leaving his horses to jog on themselves (not pleasant, with a yawning valley at the road side); seldom too seeing a decent-looking woman, at any village we passed through, without stopping for a spice of flirtation; that I could not bear it beyond the first day, which brought us only to Stertzing, on the other side the Brenner pass; and resolved to take "the Poste" thence, as it passed, that night, about 2 a.m.; the more so, as I should only thus lose an hour or two's view of the scenery, between then and dawn, to wit.

The ride to Stertzing, is truly lovely; crossing the "Schoenberg," to the "Brenner;" in parts, magnificent. Soon after leaving Innspruck, you commence a very long ascent, to the summit of which there is a short cut as a footpath, which it is well to take, leaving your vehicle to wind round the circuitous high road, and meet you there; it being thence, you obtain the beautiful view of Innspruck, I before adverted to. Its beauty appears to be appreciated by the *genii loci;* for there is a ring, formed, with seats all round, evidently a place of resort, from the town; and, as you thus reach it, fully a quarter of an hour before your vehicle, you have full opportunity of enjoying the view. The whole scenery, as far as Trient, is more or less lovely; so much so, as to render it difficult to particularize; and far abler pens than mine have, I dare say, done it ample justice. Even it, however, was an abomination in the eyes of my Milanese *ami*, because it *was* the Tyrol and faithful. His bitter animosity towards Austria, and anything German, was extreme; and I suspect he was one of the chief Revolutionaires in '48, having been 18 months away from Milan. He had stayed at the same hotel with me at Innspruck, and joined me, in my onward route, as far as Stertzing, where I left him, and when, to my disgust, he testified his regret at our parting, by kissing my face on either side. His name was, not "Norval," but very like it, "Norza," to wit.

I was well nigh starved, by the bye, on this day's journey; for, having taken a light breakfast, under the full expectation of a good dinner, midway, (a halt for this purpose having been notified to me by the proprietor of the vehicle, yclept a Stellwagen, as part of the day's programme,) I got down at the long-desired Oasis, about 3 p.m., with a regular mountain appetite; but not a ghost of a dinner even was there; and, by way of adding insult to the palpa-

ble injury, I was looked upon, and treated, as an ungodly heretic, on earnestly soliciting the same. 'Twas some solemn fast; not a living thing would, or *dare*, they kill, so priest-ridden, or really religious, are these mountain folks; not a slice, or a bone, of cold meat was there; and by no inducement, could I, or the worthy Norza, (who had given himself absolution *en voyage*,) persuade them to let us *propriâ manû*, wring a fowl's neck, which I would gladly have done. Oh, for a Papal indulgence! but his holiness was afar. We were fain *enfin* to sit down to some bad bread and two small fishes, (luckily caught in a stream, hard by, while we were parlying)—finishing with an omelette; a *light*, however wholesome, repast, under the circumstances; and for which, nathless, the pious Catholic did not fail to insist on payment, as if for a "*fête de plein Carnival.*"

Talking of piety, I never saw, or probably ever again shall see, so many crucifixes, images, and frescoed Saints, of all sorts, in the same space, as in passing through the Tyrol, by the road side. The denizens *du pays*, albeit, seemed lamentably ignorant of one image, and superscription, of her Majesty's, to wit, as set forth on our sterling coin; for, on tendering at Botzen, a sovereign, in payment of my fare per courier, the officials treated the noble piece as a Napoleon, quietly assuring me, on my suggesting the palpable difference, both in weight, superscription, and appearance, that it was de *facto*, "*la stessa cosa.*"

Quoi faire? they were *entêtés;* my sovereign was handed round to sundry standers-by, who sided with the post-office, and post-headed noodles—*Enfin au désespoir*, I solicited the favour of the devoted piece's being submitted to some money changer; and, whilst carried off for that purpose, I invested some copper (the only other coin I had) in grapes, and sat down discussing the same, nothing doubting—*mais voilà mon homme, qui retourne*, with a triumphant aspect, hissing forth the very money changer's corroboration, and adding, that for nothing more than twenty francs would, he, receive it. I was in somewhat of a fix: but resolved not to be done—made my way to a fellow-passenger, in petticoats, who had travelled some distance with me—told her frankly of my strait, and asked her to advance the requisite capital in the realm's current coin, or rather current *paper*, which she, unhesitatingly, and very kindly, did; receiving it back on our arrival at Verona; though faith, I was hard put to it there, to find the needful, that arrival occurring at "3 a.m.," when, of course, it was *rather* difficult to get change; managed, only on this occasion, by knocking up the *Padrone* of a small dirty inn, hard by, borrowing the money from him, and placing myself and kit, incontinently in pawn, under his filthy roof, till morning; though in sooth, I was glad to get lodging anywhere, at such an ungodly hour, and sadly tired to boot, having had a 35 hours' journey, nearly *de suite.*

My fair deliveress was, I found, a ballet dancer, come to Verona to fulfil an engagement at the Opera there, and a kind good-natured girl she was, too. Botzen and Trient are rather large and busy towns, but nothing striking.

The exterior of mine inn had caused a shudder, at the proba-

bility of what its interior might be; and, alas, the reality proved that shudder, to have been prophetic. Of the many beastly places, in my many journeyings, it has fallen to my lot to halt at and in, this was the chief—"the very palace of King Dirt." A narrow flight of filthy stone steps, bounded on the one side by iron rails in rust encased, and on the other by a wall of no expressible colour; besmeared, bepainted, and bedaubed, aye, and coat over coat, for years, in all sorts of ways; led to my dormitory; a straggling place, with a dirty brick floor, straw mattress, walls eight feet high, looking glass half an one, furniture of, I was going to say, the last, but shall better describe it by saying, "no century," the whole lighted up by a flaring tallow dip, carried by a wretched being, in dirty shirt sleeves, and matted hair, who stated himself to be the waiter, and who, I discovered, slept in the chief *eating* apartment. Nathless, I lay down, and what's more, slept soundly—a 35 hours' journey, "*en diligence*," being a remarkably fine opiate.

Verona itself, is a dirty old place, and by no means interesting, save from association: a few hours suffice to see the notabilities, confined, almost, to the famous Arena, and the Tombs of the Scaligeris; which last, though situate in a confined bye-way, are well worth a visit. With the Arena, I was, as must be every visitor, highly gratified; vast labour, time, and cost, indeed, must its erection have caused; and vast the ambition, that projected it. There are a great number of openings, round each flight of seats, for in- or e-gress, and the old Custode graphically described to me a scene, prepared for some Pope (I forget which), who was surveying the empty arena, in all its vast nakedness, when, at the blast of a horn, it was, in less than a couple of minutes, filled with seventy thousand human beings, and that, *sans désordre*, having all been previously divided and posted, at and near the numerous ingresses above named, awaiting the signal only, for each band to issue from its own. The view, from the top range of seats, is fine, showing the strong and commanding fortifications, by which the city is (nearly) surrounded, and the guns of which, having it, completely, at mercy, served to keep the worthy denizens *tranquilles*, in '48.

Starting for Venice, by rail, at half-past 3 p.m., I reached the famed City, soon after seven; passing Vicenza and Padua, *en chemin;* the road, beyond the said circumstance, being of little interest; always, of course, excepting the fine bridge, crossed into Venice, from Mestre, stretching some 2½ miles over the sea; the largest, I fancy, in the world.

This railway is well conducted, and carriages very comfortable, my former observations on those of the second class in Germany, being fully applicable to these. Not then aware of this, however, before leaving mine inn (above described,) I was counting what available current coin I had, to see if it sufficed for a first class fare, and consulted the worthy host (a really good fellow too was he, despite his love of dirt); he appeared *tout surpris* at my contemplating any such gratuitous extravagance, as he called it; illustrating his assertion by adding, that *he*, had never heard of but one man taking a first class ticket, a certain French colonel to wit, who

thought the very best alone good enough; and he, added my host, actually got out mid-way and entered a second class carriage, for very companionship's sake, glad to escape from his lonely glory. An exaggeration, of course, but still sufficient, to put me quite *à mon aise*, as to any necessity for my following the colonel's *premier pas*, at any rate.

Nothing struck me more on first entering Venice, than the death-like stillness of all around—different from every other city in the world; and I experienced a sort of child-like delight as my Gondola carried me noiselessly by its palaces, and through its water streets; the Gondolas, the canals, the palaces, I had so often in boyhood read of, and imaged to myself; although that, was with an imagery, which reality disappointed. It was not quite the Venice I had prepared myself for; nor did it become so, after our better acquaintance. Moonlight is the happiest time to see it. It was beneath a bright one I first gazed on the magnificent Piazza of St. Mark, whither I had directed my Gondola after leaving the Opera, the night of my arrival, losing thus no time. This, at least, quite came up to my most sanguine anticipations; but even it, lost much of its beauty, when I returned to it next *morning*. Remarkable and memorable, nathless, must it be to any one, seen under any circumstance soever.

A word *en passant* anent the Gondoliers, a most exacting set of rascals. A special stipulation as to damage is always necessary, despite the recognized fare; which is one zwanziger for the first, and half an one for each succeeding, hour. A favourite trick, too, played upon new comers, is to have two rowers, one being ample, and the sole gain being to the men themselves, who demand just double hire in consequence.

My locale was the "Europe," facing the grand canal, and hard by the Piazza; except "Danielli's," even if excepting that, 'tis the best in Venice, with a very good *table d'hôte*.

For three days did I skim and walk about, amidst the notabilities, seeing so many churches, palaces, and paintings, that, faith, recollection can barely disentangle itself. The magnificent abode of the Doges, albeit, with its history-laden "chambers," and its vast noble halls, lined with the brightest productions of painting's masters, must ever rise buoyant, and fresh, to memory's surface; whilst the remembrance of the adjacent abodes of bygone, and that, too, so oft, undeserved, misery, can scarcely fail to rise, in connection, though striking contrast, with it. *Pozzi*, or pits, are these dens called; and 'tis no misnomer! Sure am I, that my own tribute of involuntary sadness, at the thought of the many groans, and tears, and curses, that those walls had pent up, was one shared in by every visitor. "A bridge of sighs, *indeed*, must that connecting bridge have been"!

I really shuddered, as I traversed, or rather groped and slunk through, the dreary subterranean dungeons, some of which actually make one gasp for breath; those, dedicated to the yet uncondemned, were bad enough; but those for the wretched convict, are places, that I can well suppose, a man to have *gladly* quitted, even for death itself.

With St. Mark's Church, I was less astonished than I had expected; it is sombre and heavy; the enormous surface however of mosaic, is wondrous and beautiful, and the *tout ensemble* stands, I believe, alone, of its kind.

For a panoramic view of Venice, the Campanile (or Belfry) must be ascended, and a right fair view it is: until there, you have no adequate idea of the actual size of the city. *The* opera house (the Fenice) was closed, but I heard some good music at the "Gallo," and some bad at the "Apollo;" at the former, a most amusing Buffo Opera was the rage, yclept "*Crispino e il Comare*," (or Death and the Doctors,) one I shall gladly hear again.

On Wednesday, the 23rd of October, at midnight, I bade, as I then thought, adieu, to "beautiful Venice," though the adieu proved in the sequel, but a temporary one. The steamer I embarked on, was a miserable tub, the "Sofie" by name, of but 40-horse power, and those horses, faith, worse than mules. 'Twas the first steam vessel put on the line, and, long since, fit for nothing else but a "tug."

An embargo, for troop service, having debarred passengers from transit, on the two previous days, there was a proportionately unusual influx of them on this occasion, and we mustered, fore and aft, some eighty!! *A peine* out of port, the wretched tub began to roll terribly, though but little sea was on; and from wretch-*ed*, it soon became a case of pretty general retch-*ing;* increasing, as the wind did, to an universal discharge; with, as far as I could see, but two or three exceptions, myself happily included. Anon, rain added itself to the wind, and down dived, though not for divers reasons, (as but one could have induced any man to seek the reeking, nauseous, atmosphere of the little dog-hole below,) one after another, till an old case-hardened Egyptian, and myself, were alone on deck, at least, of the "*Non obligati.*"

I had secured and paid extra for a berth, for possession of which, however, owing to the scarcity, (there being about one to every five cabin passengers,) I had to contend with a Frenchman, whom I found ensconced therein, when I first came on board, and who couldn't at all understand, why I would not be satisfied, if reimbursed in what he found I had paid additionally for it, and which, on my soliciting the favour of his exit, he very quietly tendered; adding, as an expected clencher to the argument, that *he* would have paid it originally, had he known it was not included in the passage. Of course, the worthy Gaul learnt at length, that money, though so universally available, was not so, to sleep upon; and with a sigh *cum* growl, turned out; my carpet bag and stick, taking his place, as a matter "of form." From the untoward state of things, however, above recorded, I didn't subsequently feel disposed to avail myself of the accommodation, and gave it up to a young Englishman, with whom I had formed an acquaintance, (afterwards carried on,) and who was a bad sailor; preferring, myself, the wind and rain, to the *inferno* below; though *I was* at last, towards 6 a.m., *obliged* to descend, it did come down in such torrents, quarters above, presenting anything but an "A-dry-Attic"

appearance. We did not make Trieste harbour until 11 a.m., in lieu of 7, and then had to stand in the still pelting rain, at the mouth of the baggage hold, forward, 'midst the poking, and dripping of some five and forty umbrellas, to watch the disgorgement of the general kit, as there was such grabbing, and carrying off, that it required close attendance to hold one's own. "Sich a getting from a boat, I never did see."

Hard by the pier stands the Hotel de France, a small one, comprising, I believe, but the third story of the house; but clean, comfortable, and the host, a most obliging fellow. Thither I went, and recommend others to do so, in preference to the "National," a larger, but from all I heard, less satisfactory lodging.

Trieste, though a well built, busy town, is scarcely worth a visit, *exprès*. Whilst I was there, however, it emulated Venice, for the sea and rains, *ensemble*, had so flooded it, that passage on foot was, over the most part, impossible; in many, for carriages even; and boats were plying up and down the chief thoroughfares. Such an occurrence was unprecedented in Trieste, certainly to such an extent, and regarded with apprehension. I had driven out, to get my passport, and was actually obliged to be carried from the vehicle, (itself axle deep in water,) through the very hall of the Police Office, and up several steps, on my way, *en haut*, both being submerged.

The Opera-house is a fine one; but admission dearer, than any I had met with; to the boxes especially. The "Tergestium," or general reading, writing, news, coffee, exchange, and public room, (or rather series of rooms, forming one establishment), is a curious place; but not answering to the glowing description given of it in Guide Books.

The courier leaves for Laibach, at about 3½ p.m., and, as usual, I believe, all over Austria, takes an unlimited number of passengers, —that is to say, additional carriages are started at the same time, speed and price withal, to meet any additional requisition for places. One of these places I proceeded to secure, nothing doubting; but found, to my dismay, (it being already mid-day *passé*) that the officials were prohibited granting the same without a certificate, that baggage, if any, had been passed at the Custom-house; Trieste being, as I ought to have remembered, a free port, and importations of "unshriven produce," thence into inland Austria, being closely guarded against. Off I posted accordingly, to the said Custom-house, with my traps, forgetting, in my hurry, the circumstance of my portmanteau's being the depôt for a travelling stock of cigars,—"cigars of taste, and perfume rare;" which, though they had paid for the right of *entrée* into her Majesty's dominions, had contributed nothing towards the revenues of the Austrian Emperor. They were discovered, just as I fondly hoped the prying official was about to reclose the portmanteau, and incontinently thrown out as if plague-spotted. Ignorance, 'twas useless to plead; but, the pointing out that the very circumstance of my having left them where they were, open too, and easy of instant view, in lieu of carrying them on my person, unnoticed, as I might, (and faith would) have done, stood me in bet-

ter stead, and alone saved me from a heavy mulcting, as a smuggler. My earnest request, however, to be allowed to pay duty, and redeem them, was unheeded—the prohibition being total; and a sentence of utter destruction was forthwith passed upon them. I followed the worthy who carried them off, and saw him quietly lock them up in a sanctum, full of all sorts of spoil, previously detected. After again fruitlessly attempting their redemption, by means of money, I grew reckless, and solicited the favour of at least *witnessing* their destruction; the prohibition to their enjoyment, I suggested, extending itself to the Emperor's Custom-house officers, as well as the unfortunates passing through their clutches. The head-functionary feigned astonishment, on his subordinate's corroborating my assertion, that they were only as yet imprisoned, and—*not* executed; and gave instant instructions for the same, which I followed to witness. As they were on the point of for ever disappearing, albeit, from mortal eye, I stayed the arm of the destroyer, having perceived we were alone; pointed out to him, how foolish it was to waste such splendid tobacco; how much he himself would appreciate its fragrance; and quietly proposed *dividing them with him;* promising withal to keep "mum." He hesitated, and I knew was lost; so commenced rapidly filling my pockets; and had secured some fifty, when he closed the cloth they were in, and would not permit the continuance of the process, pretending that some one was coming, and getting thus, a full two-thirds to my one, long and short division, but still preferable to total subtraction.

Returning, not best pleased, to the post office, I found my post was in an open *coupé*, or cabriolet, with nothing but leather curtains to draw, *en avant*, and every prospect of a cold wet night; a prospect which darkened into reality, and supplied the *comble* to my annoyance; not dissipated even, by my having for companion, a very nice girl, who grumbled though *sans cesse*, at the discomfort of our position.

The scene, for the first two hours, after leaving Trieste, is lovely; the road, winding up a mountain, at the base of which lie the town and sea; which, with the shipping, and *tout autour*, forms, an exceedingly pleasing prospect, particularly, illumined as it then was, by a fine sunset. Thence, to Laibach, the road is not only bad in itself, but very uninteresting, and it was seven a.m., ere we reached —15½ hours, to traverse 76 miles! A railway, however, is in rapid progress.

My intention, was to proceed onward to Vienna, and thence, across to Milan; and I wended my way accordingly, direct, to the railway station, in order to join the train, leaving, about eight a.m. It was still pouring; it had been so, off and on, for some fifteen days, all around; and promised well, for a continuance; so, reflecting, on the probable *délices* of the return trip across country (as it were) from Vienna to Milan, with the roads, as they then would be, I gave it up, after a consultation with the station clerk, (a very civil fellow,) who fully corroborated my misgivings; and advised a retrogade move, unless business called me onward. The train, therefore, rolled off, without its destined, honoured freight, which was transported, *au*

lieu, in a remarkably filthy vehicle, to the Hotel de Poste, a very comfortable one, fortunately, after so many contrarieties. Here, I passed the day, but should have been sorry to multiply the same, this capital of Illyria being, *me judice*, a most uninteresting place. I consoled myself, for my compulsory change of route, with the opportunity it would afford me of seeing the famed grotto, at Adelsburg, (which is about midway thence to Trieste;) as far as which village accordingly I secured a place, with the returning courier, for the same night.—*Me miserum!* this place proved to be the identical one, I had occupied the night previous, in coming; weather ditto, but a trifle colder; my companion, again a female; but in this case, a gaunt-looking one, what further I could not then discover; save that her mother tongue produced an awfully grunting sound, and that her mother teeth were employed in munching boiled chesnuts; which she, ever and anon, opened our leather curtain, to spit forth, amidst the wind and rain.

'Twas *three*, in lieu of *one*, a.m., ere we halted at Adelsburg, and oh, what a wretched halt that was! The rain was descending in torrents: a bitterly keen wind blowing: and not a soul, could I get, to indicate the whereabouts of the, or an, hotel. The Courier was savage, and busy; vexed probably, at having to superintend the fishing out my traps, from his baggage compartment, in such agreeable weather; and furnished as much information as his own vehicle would have done, if applied to. The helpers, were Sclavonic, and didn't understand German; the official in the little Bureau de Poste, was deeply immersed in his just received packets; and finding *strollers*, at such an hour, and in such weather, was scarcely probable. There was nothing for it, therefore, but a sally forth, in quest "of a sign." Here and there, did I run then, or rather wade, for 'twas ankle deep in mud, and at length caught a peasant, who comprehended moreover my wants, and showed me the desired refuge. Disappointment, however, was only, thereby, added to my other *désagrémens;* shouts, kicks, and the heartiest rapping my old bamboo could administer at the door, were alike unheeded; and I was fain to wade "back again" to the place whence I came, saturated with wet, covered with mud, and woefully disgusted at the general aspect of affairs.

At the Bureau, I found the little writer, less busy; propitiated him, with a cigar, aided too, by my manifestly wretched plight; and got him to send forth a dove, in the shape of a half-awake subordinate, to find rest for my now really weary *corpus;* but, like Noah's, did he return, after a weary hour, finding none—not even a garret. Nor was this hour the least disagreeable one, of that pleasant night. The odour of a small Austrian Bureau de Poste, at a provincial village, is a thing quite, *per se*, and utterly undefinable; a compound, as nearly as one *can* analyze its parts, of inks, sand, stale smoke, fusty parcels, and half tanned leather, mixed with as small an amount of oxygen as possible, and, in this case, flavoured by the joint perfume of two frowsy beds, their trappings, and the wardrobe of the occupants, my small writer and the dove, to wit; whilst my own reeking garments didn't improve the whole.

I had, during this interval, time to perceive, huddled up in a corner, my Amazonian chesnut chewer, who was, it appeared, in the same plight as myself, though perhaps a trifle less damp. She was a Sclavonian, of the servant caste; standing, an inch fully, taller than myself; with a hard-featured, stony sort of face; man's boots; and her waist, just under the arm-pits; one, as little attractive as she was, I would rather have had a kiss, than *a blow*, from. Looking hopelessly at one another, for we could not exchange a syllable, verbally, our unsatisfactory reverie was interrupted, by an order from the small writer, (who had been some time *au lit*,) to his subordinate, to show us some place or other, he named, and had just thought of, where we should be, at least, sheltered; and, as he doubtless wished us, out of his office and dormitory. The fair virgin, I saw hesitate, on her learning that the refuge in question consisted of but *one* apartment; but I felt in no condition for nicety; so took up my *sac de nuit*, and motioned the P. O. Samaritan onward, leaving the lady, to argue the propriety of accompanying me, with her own delicate feelings; which, however, soon put her boots in motion, in our rear.

The den, we were thus at last ushered into, beggars description. A cold, damp, wretched cock-loft, with a small truck-bed, like those usually furnished to convicts, in one corner, covered with materials in the shape of bed-clothes, that had evidently done weeks of patient unwashed duty; and, in the other, a little sofa, about 4½ feet long, by 2 broad, the lining, of what material I know not, its upper crust, however, being grease, so thick and hard, that it could have been skated upon, broken down *pour comble*, on one side. An old chest of drawers, completed the "*furniture*." The bed, I, of course, left for the lady, and was preparing to take to the floor myself; but found it, which I had not conceived possible, worse, even than the couch, so decided in favour of the latter; and, on raising myself, from the process of taking off my soaked boots, preparatory to *repose*, I found that my involuntary companion, whose heart was thereby proved to be softer than her features, had meantime taken one of the straw mattresses from the bed, and placed it, for me, on the said couch; whereon accordingly, with a cigar *en bouche* to keep the damp off, I at once threw myself, with my martial (and unfortunately wet) cloak, not around, but under my head, as pillow; puffing away vigorously, (with the lady's permission, of course,) whilst she completed such arrangements of her *toilette de nuit*, as required light; after which, she blew it out, and finished I wot not how; a heavy crash, however, on the fragile bed, announcing that all was soon over. It needed no Joseph, to sleep as peacefully as the very felicitous state of things in general permitted; and sleep I did, from very weariness; but a most *mal à propos* ding-donging, which struck up, at a neighbouring steeple, awoke me soon after five, with a bitter chilliness pervading my frame, one too not to be shaken off; right happy was I, when day-light permitted my escape, which I made instanter, leaving "Sclavonia," still in sweet repose.

The cause of my inhospitable reception, was, I found, the fact, of some 2,000 soldiers being billetted over the village, and occupying

every available corner; anything but a "billet doux" for me; in fact, I think even Mr. Tapley himself, would have deemed that night's circumstances, such as a man might be creditably jolly under. Oh, what a luxury was a good wash, a good breakfast, and a comfortable room! I never appreciated them more.

I had intended to visit the Grotto, and get off again Trieste-ward, by the diligence, passing at 2 p.m.; but the fates hadn't done with me, and Adelsburg was destined to be still more deeply impressed on my recollection. The rains had been so copious, that the Grotto was flooded, and impassable, though it might, reported the guide, be otherwise the next morning, for which chance, I determined to wait; and amply was I repaid; though 'twas preceded by a sair dull day. It was Sunday. Proverbial it is, that such, in a small village, alone, when all without is wet and gloomy, is triste enough; but oh! how much is the dulness enhanced, when that village is a wretched one, in Illyria, without a present friend or companion—the day passed thus alone, in a room 31 feet by 23—the victim far from well, to boot—and detained, *malgré soi!* I did see the human form divine, at a sort of *table d'hôte*, but such specimens of it, as rendered my solitude, even, pleasant. Germans, *selon moi*, as a body, never *shine* at a *table d'hôte;* but this lot was something worse than I had ever fallen in with. Hirsute, as monkies—coarse in language and gesture—each seemed to vie with the other, as to who could, not talk, but scream, the loudest; indeed, 'twas a positive relief, when a supply of *boulli* stopped, for a moment, the general mouth. Anon, one began to pick his teeth with his fork—a second, just opposite to me, his *nails!*—a third, had a bone, *en mains*, from which, with both elbows resting on, and stretched half-way across, the table, he was unctuously scraping the meat, with a knife, which knife he was holding by the blade, and from which blade he sucked such scrapings as collected on it, through such a pair of moustachios, as a Cossack even would have been ashamed of—a fourth, took sole possession of a sauce boat, and alternately floated, and dried up, his plate; the latter process being accomplished, partly with his knife, and partly, when the supply was getting exhausted, with slices of bread, diligently worked round it; all done with a rapidity truly surprising; the only greater marvel being, that his greasy lips escaped scarification, during the rapid passage, to and fro, of the blade edge—a fifth, amused himself, during his leisure intervals, by toying, most disgustingly, with the girl, who was waiting at table; ending, by compelling her to take wine with him—whilst a sixth, who had been devouring his food, as a hungry Ghoule might be supposed to do, and finished *par conséquence*, whilst I was still *in medias res*, lit a cigar, and that, "a bad Austrian one," smoke-drying the remnant of my dinner *sans cérémonie*. This last, albeit, is a pleasing custom, too generally prevalent throughout Germany, where every man is, it seems, presumed to relish his food better, in a smoke-pervaded atmosphere, than without that adjunct; indeed, I have often been surprised, how perfectly regardless, even of ascertaining the sentiments of their neighbours on the subject, are the best-bred Germans, even though those neighbours be ladies, and those ladies, utter strangers.

The temperature at Adelsburg was sair chilly, and snow falling, not only on all the surrounding mountains, but even as low as the plains, which accounted for my so cold awakening in my den.

I here met with the most active specimen of a servant I have seen, in or out of England; one, so smart, and good-natured to boot, as to merit honourable mention in these lucubrations. On my second, though still well-nigh peep-o-day application, for quarters, at the hotel, vociferations were many for "Louisa," who presently appeared, in the shape of a tall, fat, good-tempered, good-looking girl, and who, in a trice, put everything in order for my dressing. On my presently sallying forth into the public salon, to see about breakfast, I found her sweeping the said apartment, wherein she subsequently laid the public cloth, and washed up the public cups, &c., previously bringing in, and carrying off, my private breakfast. Before I could turn, she was at work, putting my room *en ordre;* a ceremony she also went through, unaided, with some seven others, all occupied. At midday she laid the cloth for the *table d'hôte;* waited thereat, nearly single handed; received the money; and cleared away. At night, she it was who brought my supper, (and I, one, as I saw, of many guests,) and warmed my bed. *Mais encore, d'advantage,* for, whilst supping, I heard a very nice voice, singing, with great taste, to a guitar accompaniment—Louisa again it was, who was filling up her *leisure* moments thus, for the general amusement! I was to rise early: the active Louisa's voice was that which first aroused me; and her's, the fat arm, that bore the "*varm vasser.*" The next thing I saw her do, was sprinkling and ironing linen! Always laughing withal, and in excellent condition,—a model *fille d'auberge, en vérité!* She saw me, scribbling some mems, and smiling, as she chanced to come in at the moment; the mems in question happening to be *au rapport d'ellemême,* in substance, what I have just recorded; and, on my telling her their nature, and that her virtues might thus be handed down to posterity, she seemed highly delighted. Any one visiting Adelsburg, and asking for Louisa, at *the* hotel, will find she has been accurately, and not over, drawn. Peace to her *manes!* for in the flesh she can have but little of it.

On Monday the Grotto was, happily, pronounced to be safe, and passable, so off I set for it, *à pied,* being but about a quarter of an hour's walk. Three guides are requisite, the fixed payment for each of whom is half a florin; admission costs another half; and a further investment, of an entire one, is necessary, for lights, to illuminate different parts of the Grotto; a total pecuniary damage of three florins.

Soon after entering the mouth of the cavern, you hear the roaring of a torrent, which on this occasion, however, was much more noisy than usual, owing to the scarcely subsided floods. A short passage brings you to a sort of vaulted dome, at, and through, the the bottom of which rushes the said torrent, and to the level (or nearly so) of which you descend, some twenty feet, over two natural bridges, and then pass the stream itself, over a third, a wooden one; the side railings of which had been lowered, across the bridge itself, to save them from being carried away; the waters having

during the just subsiding flood risen some 12 feet above, and being, even then, not a foot below, it.

The extreme rapidity with which the torrent was rushing under; the slipperiness of the, of course, saturated wood; the absence of the usual side railings; the fact, of those railings being turned down on the bridge itself, and rendering it most precarious footing; with the loudly echoed roaring noise, and well nigh total darkness; formed as I crossed, a novel, unearthly, and not altogether pleasant, *tout ensemble;* particularly as I was alone—that is, without companion; I say darkness, but this is scarcely fair to my dips, a number of which had been stuck over this bridge, as well as on the upper one, sufficient to enable the distinguishing a general outline of the place, though without making one feel it was really any lighter, or that darkness reigned less predominant—if that can be understood.

This was for a long while the only grotto known, the new one, as it is called, having been accidentally discovered in 1819 only; a grotto, so marvellous, and grand, as to render the first, however wonderful, *per se*, quite a minor affair in comparison.

The best point for seeing this first, and whence it looks really fine, is just when leaving it, for the other; the eye too will have grown more accustomed, and the lights prove more serviceable in consequence. The new Grotto, is composed of stalactite, through passages, caverns, and halls, of which, in every variety of form, you go on, winding, to the enormous distance, I believe, of "7000" feet. I walked onward, for some 30 *minutes*, rather leisurely of course, having to look about me, but without traversing a foot of ground twice, and my guide assured me, that we had not, owing to the yet unsubsided waters, which then alone stopped us, penetrated much more than half the distance usually passable; it required some 20 minutes sharp walking, to get back again.

The beautiful, varied, and fanciful forms of the stalactites, it would be difficult to describe, as indeed is the *tout ensemble;* which, to be at all appreciated, must be *seen*. Many of them are finely transparent—others, brightly sparkling—here a number of glittering pillars and pinnacles—there a forest of drops, of all sizes and shapes, like gigantic icicles—whilst ever and anon, the guide calls attention to some particular piece or group, which, from its resemblance to, has obtained the name of, some external object or other. Here was a debtor's prison—there a pulpit—here a chapel, with its bell (and a very melodious one, too, when struck)—there an English flower garden —here the Madonna—there (with the aid of a candle sent aloft) a moonlight view—always something—and in many cases, by no means drawing too largely on imagination.

Perhaps the most curious part, however, of the grotto, is what is called the ball room, and right aptly too. It is a very spacious, almost circular, and very lofty, vaulted cavern, reached, after some ten minutes' walk. It is, or should be, well lighted up, ere you get to it, and presents a fine, curious, and most unexpected, appearance. It is excellently adapted for a dance, which is actually, I was told, held there, with a grand illumination, every Pentecost. Nature's own hall, and a right noble one it is.

But, here have I been scribbling away, and, even for my own hereafter edification, to no purpose: I do not believe this grotto *to be* describable, *c'est à dire*, so as to convey an at all accurate idea of it —*ainsi finissons*. To see it alone, would be well worth a trip thither from England; certainly no one should ever find himself at either Venice, Trieste (*a fortiori*), or Vienna, without *making* Adelsburg in his way, no matter where to. He will certainly there see the most beautiful, wonderful, even if not (as the Americans I believe question) the most extensive place of the kind in the world; and obtain, if he need it, an additional and magnificent proof of the vast ascendancy of nature over art. Wet, wind, open cabriolet, soaking, purgatory *de bureau*, cockloft and its concomitants, wretched Sunday detention, all passed away as a cloud; and seemed but a light price to have paid for what I had (pervaded by consequent gloom) almost persuaded myself into misgivings, that I should be eventually sorry to have endured such a "diminution total" of *désagrémens* to attain.

Getting into the Malle Poste, which passes daily at 2 p.m., arrived at Trieste again at 9; the now lighted up city affording, in the descent to it, a view scarcely second to that it had presented on ascending from it by day.

My first enquiry on reaching my old quarters, at the "France," was, as to what steamer would have the honour of re-conveying me, in the morning, across the Adriatic, and to my horror, I learnt 'twas the miserable "Sofie" herself—the very tub I had crossed in from Venice—and one employing half as long again, at the very best, in transit, as any other. Nor did this trip prove an exception, for, leaving at 5 a.m., we did not get abreast of the Doge's Palace until 3 p.m., just time enough for me to miss the last train to Verona, and compel me to remain that night in Venice; my only *remboursement*, being the acquaintance of a nice young Englishman, and hearing the "*Elisire d'Amore*," very well given at the "Gallo."

Both Trieste and Venice look well from the sea, particularly the latter; the last half-mile up the grand canal, affording a delightful sail. Travellers, by the way, arriving from the interior, as I did, late at night, at Trieste, and quitting thus at day-break, find a Police Official on board, who does the needful with the passport; and need, therefore, be under no apprehension on this score. For the benefit, likewise, of any who may care to know, I would note, in quitting *Germany*, that *cognac* is a thing seldom procurable *anywhere* therein; and, where it is so, scarcely merits the name—an old friend, with a *very* new face; and such being (*selon moi au moins*) a very good and wholesome stomachic, to counteract the abominations one often imbibes *en voyage*, under the style and title of "wine," should be carried *en valise*, by any one of my way of thinking. *Rum* appears to be *the* liquor, everywhere predominant.

Quitting Venice at 10 next morning, (the 30th October,) reached Verona in time for a place, not with the Courier for Milan, (that worthy here, only taking three persons,) but, for one, and that the last, in Franchetti's Diligence, starting at 4 p.m.; a most disgusting journey being the result. Detained, by having to rush into half a dozen *Bureaux de Change*, in order to convert a £5 Bank

of England note into current coin, (a thing by the way I found as difficult as if I had wished to turn Verona into a clean town; not a Jew's son of them choosing to recognize, really recognizing, or if so, being willing to change it,) I arrived at the office in time to find all the passengers, nine in number, snugly seated, with apparently but one place vacant in the open cabriolet, in front; and which, (as faith, it seemed my destiny such always should be,) I presumed, accordingly, to be mine own. Destiny, however, was even less kind than usual, for I discovered that it was to be *divided* between the conductor and myself; my share being *au milieu*, and a huge Brescian peasant occupying the dexter side; this latter worthy's bulk, and general unpleasantry, being materially increased by an immense over-coat, consisting apparently of a succession of capes; a garment he had clearly received as a heir-loom, greasy, fusty, and bearing the accumulated frowsiness of ages. A ray of hope flashed across me—he was poor, manifestly—and would, for a "consideration," yield me the corner place, tempering at least as regarded myself the necessarily mercurial proceedings of the conductor—*mais hélas!* done again! he *would* have gladly obliged me, (and himself too,) but, (and oh, *what* a but!) he was troubled with a constant cough, requiring as constant expectoration, to aid and abet which, he deemed it best, he said, to remain *au coin*, whence he could indulge by the side *à son aise*—a most unexpected, and certainly unnecessary addition, to my prospective bliss.

Nous voila, enfin en route—nor had my Brescian at all exaggerated his ailment; no battery, however well served, ever kept up a more constant fire, whilst he employed his leisure moments in parleying across me with the conductor, and that, in a tone as loud as if emitted from a speaking trumpet; nor could all my mute and verbal eloquence procure its modulation—(the creature really *could not* compass it)—the dialect in which the above was carried on, being moreover the harsh discordant patois, yclept Brianzuoli.

N'importe, thought I, he is no longer young; *must*, at last, tire, under the combined efforts of coughing and bellowing; and sleep will give us both relief. It came, at length, and I forthwith began to puff forth the soothing smoke from my cigar more freely, gave myself a shake, and as much of a stretch as circumstances admitted of, and felt half happy. Transient bliss! 'twas but the slumber of a volcano. "*The wretch snored*," and oh, such a snore, as I should think a being of that description could alone emit; his *voice*, even, was music to it; and his hollow cough, which once more awoke him, was actually a welcome sound. Snuff, too, in huge pinches, was one of his vanities; quantities of it pervading me, every now and then, as a gust of wind swept across us. Anon, the said wind increased, and copious rain bore it company. I was fain, albeit, to leave the only protection available, a leather curtain to wit, *undrawn*, for my *paysan* affirmed that he could not breathe, if closed, owing to his suffering chest; and I knew he could not *expectorate*, under these circumstances, without my having the partial benefit of it; so, pity for us both rendered me good-natured. I accordingly consented to the cold and damp state of affairs, put

my pocket handkerchief under my cap, letting it fall over the face, as a *par au vent*, and, from very weariness, fell asleep.

At 5 a.m. we reached Brescia, where there was a halt for breakfast; the only things, however, prepared for that meal, at our halting place, being "*soup and sour wine*," an unusual *dejeûner* enough; but even it, I partook of cheerily, substituting brandy, by the way, for the wine, for I had received the joyous intelligence that my old man of the (C)abriolet left us here. I lit a cigar, and issued forth again, whistling, with sheer *allegria*, to assume my now comparatively commodious seat; but lo! therein an elderly gentleman sat: on the top of his head was a wig: on the top of that wig was a HAT: and *such* an one! Its proprietor was a priest, of the portliest of that portly class; the beaver in question a three or four-cornered one, I forget which, but matching the man. He had arrived only just in time, and forthwith mounted to fill up the peasant's vacuum. I took the liberty, however, of transferring his portly person to my own late seat, *au milieu*, disposing mine own in the corner one, which, with the fact of his being, at least, clean, and *not* troubled with a cough, proved still, at least, a comparative elysium.

'Twas half-past mid-day ere we reached Treviglio, whence we *ought* to have proceeded, per mid-day train, to Milan, but, of course, found it had left just half an hour previously; and, what was worse, that the next did not do so until 6 p.m., a wretched Caffè being the only refuge wherein to spend the interesting interval. "Twenty-one hours for 84 miles, was rather too bad, even though the roads *were* heavy." Glad indeed was I, when, at length, "The Rapid was near, and the daylight past." I don't know, really, how I should have got over the weary five hours, but for the casual acquaintance of a merry fellow, who, with his wife, had been passengers in our (so-called) Diligence, and who proved to be a comedian, *en route* to join the company at Milan. We took a walk together, and managed to get up a little merriment, despite adverse circumstances, past and present. I afterwards went to the theatre he performed at, joined him on the stage, and saw the troop, *au naturel*; a very nice one it was too, the majority agreeable, and evidently well educated.

Milan being an old acquaintance, I had merely to *renew* associations with its splendid Cathedral, fine streets, vast Opera House, magnificent marble arch, perfect Amphitheatre, and so forth; which done, I started for Mandello, on the Lake of Lecco, to hunt up a resident friend, for whose especial benefit, indeed, I had *made* Milan in my way. A similar jaunt, however, I would recommend to all, finding themselves at the noble city. *La voici:* by rail to Monza, where there is much to see—a pleasing drive, thence to Mandello, the last part, on the borders of the Lake—onward, still on its bank, and by a beautiful road, to Varenna, and across the Lake to Bellagio; a lovely spot, forming a sort of promontory, with the Lake of Como on one side, of Lecco on the other, the united two stretching out in front of it—and affording, perhaps, the finest view on any part of the Lake. Here (at Bellagio) I spent several hours, in wandering over its terraces and grounds; and *right well* does the spot

merit the reputation for beauty it enjoys. Hence, I took the steamer, which daily passes, on its way to the town of Como, about 2 p.m., reaching there about half-past four, in time for the train to Milan, again.

The many and varied beauties of this charming lake, or rather series of lakes, as it seems to be, are patent; and a very propitious day abetted my then enjoyment of them. Verily, Mesdames Pasta and Taglioni have well selected their spots for retirement.

Our train was a very full one, and omnibuses, accordingly, in great request, at the Milan Station. I got a seat in one early, and, even in London, never before learnt the extraordinary capacity of these useful vehicles. Our conductor turned no one back, and in poured men, women, and children, till there was not even standing room. A stout, jolly-faced lass, quietly, and without word or hesitation, seated herself on the joint knees of myself and a *priest*, my neighbour, laughing too heartily, at the latter part of the business. I managed, with some trouble, to count heads, and we were *twenty-six* in that one vehicle! The officer at the gate, on coming (as usual, to all conveyances passing,) to ask if there were any passports, burst out laughing at the idea of finding any there, as did the askees, in chorus.

The Sardinian courier's carriage is a novel one. With the usual *coupé en avant*, its *interior* is composed of a back seat, to *accommodate* three persons, and having in front of it, situate with their backs touching the very knees of the occupants of the two corners of the back seat aforesaid, two armchairs (fixed of course) very comfortable perhaps for those filling them, but certainly excessively the reverse for the prisoners in the rear. One of those back corner seats fell to my lot in starting for Genoa, a broad-shouldered engineer being the middle man, and so very ill-suited was the space to its occupant's absolute requisition for such, that, I am recording the literal unvarnished truth, in stating that my left arm, thus thrown into unavoidably close and constant contact, with the scientific corpus of the engineer for 21 hours, felt cramped and painful for two whole days, subsequent to the purgatory, despite friction and cold bathing. The price charged for above was expensive to boot—36 francs—the dearest ride I had yet had.

On reaching Genoa about 11 a.m., got passport put *en ordre* for Leghorn, took passsge by the steamer that was to leave the same evening, and then sallied forth to renew my associations with, it being my second visit to, the marble city. 'Tis not one *à mon goût:* its streets being, for the most part, narrow and dirty, even *the* streets; and the *tout ensemble*, looking most, indeed only, to advantage from the bay, whence it is charming, and whither I proceeded per boat to enjoy it. I also found time to visit the fine Picture Galleries at the Palaces Balbi and Filippo Durazzo, (the marble staircase at the latter of which, is said to be the finest in Europe, and I should think, from appearances, justly so); and the beautiful Church of the Annunciata, which last, with its splendid gilt roof, fine frescoes, and magnificent marble columns, is a rich spectacle. Its altar, however, is not in keeping with the rest of the decorations.

I said it was a costly trip between Milan and Genoa by land; by sea thence to Leghorn 'tis worse—the damage being 42½ francs for (what should be) a "9 hours' run:" a further sum of 8½ francs having been previously disbursed for *passeports visés*.

My old luck, as to steamers, didn't desert me. That I now embarked upon was the smallest and worst on the station, yclept the "Dante," a twin-boat to my old enemy the "Sofie." We left at half-past 6 p.m., and didn't fetch Leghorn till 6 a.m. next morning. We were many passengers, the major part of them English; and, among them, I struck up an acquaintance with one, who chanced to give me a light to my cigar, (a frequent origin of such, and many a pleasant one abroad,) and with whom I eventually went to Pisa and Florence, staying at same hotel, and together visiting the lions at each place. On landing at Leghorn, some worthies busied themselves with the luggage most actively, telling us, however, for our gratification, that 'twas but a preliminary search, "*arms* and *salt*" being its objects. Only fancy, a gentleman travelling for pleasure, or even business, and being supposed to carry *salt* in his portmanteau! The geese, however, pertinaciously poked about in every corner for it. B——, my friend, had a large clasp-knife, which, on opening, became fixed with a spring, and formed a sort of dagger, and, fearful 'twould be seized under the head of arms, he slipped it through his trousers, down into his boot, and hadn't a chance of getting it out till after a somewhat long and consequently sorely disagreeable walk.

Leghorn is a most uninteresting place, a sea port, and nothing but it; *dejeûner fini*, therefore, we started off for the Railway Station, purposing to leave it forthwith for Pisa, see that *en route*, and get on to Florence the same evening. Detained, however, at the Police, by a most imperturbably slow coach of an official, and again at the Gates, *en sortant*, for the promised renewal of baggage examination, we just reached the Station-gate as the engine-whistle was sounding, and so had nothing for it but to whistle in chorus. Our cabby, however, whose one horse *certainly* looked anything but a likely animal to fulfil its proprietor's promise, volunteered to go on with, and drop both selves and luggage at Pisa within an hour and a half, the distance being 14 miles, for the consideration of 10 francs; his receipts, in case of failure, to be *nil*. Rather than prolong our whistle for another three hours, we at once gave the word, and off he set, actually accomplishing the distance in one hour and twenty minutes; not bad locomotion for Italy.

Pisa is a nice cheerful little place, and very snugly situated; hills on all sides but one, (and not too close,) with the sea on that one; rendering the place very mild, in the winter. The four sights, to wit, "the Church," "the leaning Tower," (which is its belfry,) "the Baptistery," and "Campo Santo," all lie close together, though at some distance, from the station. The former, is a fine and rich one; the gilding on its roof, though done 250 years since, looks the work of yesterday, so fresh is it; the paintings, are many, and good; of sculpture, too, there is *de quoi voir*, and among it, a group representing Adam and Eve and the Serpent, carved from one block of

marble; the latter being mischievously represented with a *woman's head*. The mosaic, too, over the altar, is beautiful. The leaning tower is just what it is usually depicted, and I had expected; the *fact* of the inclination, being sensibly felt, both in mounting and descending; even so much, as to render it, particularly the latter, a somewhat difficult matter, and causing an inclination to fall sideways; a man, at all *merry*, would certainly lose his balance in the descent. The view from the top, is pretty enough, but nothing extraordinary; the inside surface of the walls being literally covered with the names of visitors of all nations. In the Baptistery is a magnificent marble pulpit, very richly carved, and supported by rare columns. Its dome also, gives back to the human voice a most melodious, ringing, echo—exactly resembling an organ. The *Custode* has a good one, with practice of course to boot; and 'twas really delightful to listen to the re-produced sound; a perfect organ, as I said.

In the Church, I had slipped on the marble pavement, a nasty fall being the consequence, though not the only one, the kind sympathy of two English ladies, whom I again met in the Baptistery, being a second. We accordingly proceeded thence, *ensemble*, to the Campo Santo, a quaint-looking place, of an oblong quadrangular form, with gothic marble pillars all round, the open plot in its centre being composed of, (so 'tis averred,) "earth brought from Jerusalem," and of a nature decomposing bodies in 24 hours (mixed well, no doubt, with quick lime)! There is also some very fair sculpture to be seen here; one statue in particular; I forget the subject; but it must strike any one. I have made honourable mention of the ladies, as I afterwards met them in Florence, had an opportunity of rendering them a trifling service, and exchanged cards with them; when they were proved to be relations of some Indian friends of mine, thus oddly, and faith, literally, *stumbled* upon.

The chief attractions of Pisa, having been thus discussed, we, B—— and self to wit, managed notwithstanding, and without undue hurry, to leave for Florence, by the 2½ p.m. train. The country we passed appeared very fertile, and right well cultivated, whilst the last 20 miles of it, through the mountains, was very pretty. Locomotion, lamentably slow; and second class carriages not so comfortable as I had heretofore found them.

My *locale*, there, was the Hotel d'Yorke, a very good one, with an excellent *table d'hôte*, and where I met several Anglo-Venetian acquaintances again.

With Florence itself I was much less pleased than I had expected; having figured to myself, a far more light and airy place (as it were); something *different*, in fact, to the general run of continental towns. The Cathedral, of which I had heard much, is a sombre affair; its vastness being its chief recommendation; and its exterior, its best part. The fine marble Campanile, albeit, stands out in happy relief. It is 300 feet high, and affords from its summit, a lovely, as well as an extensive, view. The city is hence seen to the best advantage; and looks extremely pretty; its environs, being studded with villas, and adding considerably to the *coup d'œil*, built as they

are, on the sides of the surrounding hills. Talking of pretty sights, that of the country women, met at every turn, with the fine broad-brimmed Tuscan hats, neatly trimmed, is certainly one of them. They (the hats *cioè*) would make our English mammas *long*—real Tuscan, certainly, and no mistake.

With the famous "Pitti" Gallery, I was as gratified as every one is, and must be, containing, as it does, one of the finest collections in Europe. There is a very quaint old bridge leading to it, across the Arno, with jewellers' shops on either side, well worth lingering upon—and quite a curiosity in its way. The square, facing the Palazzo Vecchio, and in which stands the post-office, is very striking; studded as it is, with fine statues. *Malheureusement*, however, I missed *the* Sculpture Gallery, at the *Uffizi*, not being aware of the hour of closing, and getting there just as that, to me, disgusting operation was going forward; both coin, and, "of course," other persuasion, failing to effect anything towards even a brief delay; whilst, owing to a *fête*, and some cleaning, that was to take place, the public eye was not again to feast on its contents, for four days to come, a delay I could not afford, and went off, *en dégoût*, to cool myself, with a drive on the *Corsino*, *the* drive of Florence; and a very pleasant one.

The Church of Santa Croce, though externally uninviting, will greatly charm within; its beautiful stained glass windows give a soft and softening light; and there is a something hallowed and soothing pervading the place that I have never felt in any one of the many continental churches that I have visited. It contains, too, some fine Sculpture, and among it, monuments to Michael Angelo and Galileo. *The* Opera was closed; but three smaller theatres giving operas were open, and as usual with me, duly visited. "Norma," "Ernani," and "Don Procopio" were the operas, and the two last well performed. The prices of admission are ridiculously low; at the latter theatre, for instance, with an excellent ballet to boot, the pit entrance cost just half a paul (2½d.,) and we got the best box for *four francs!* At the Teatro Nuovo, a larger one, where I saw "Ernani," the admission was only double the above, *fivepence* to wit! Talking of money, the coin, yclept "*Paul*," is execrably thin, often breaking and becoming useless; indeed, they say, (jokingly, I presume, though faith, it might well not be so,) that on windy days, folks are obliged to put them into a tub of water, to prevent their blowing away! There is an excellent English Reading Room, with all the papers, "*Punch*" included, close to the Caffè "Dhoni"—the caffè of the place for strangers, and hard by the Hotel du Nord.

Leaving, after a four days' stay, at half-past 10 a.m., and parting company with my excellent friend B——, I reached Leghorn again at 2 p.m. I found that the steamer for Civita Vecchia was to start at 3, while I had still to do the needful with passport, secure passage, &c.—sharp work; *mais nous voici à bord*, and in good time, but among a particular seedy collection of passengers—the major part French, and, strange to say, but one Englishman. The charge for passage is exorbitant—(as it is all along

from Marseilles to Naples)—"44" francs to wit, dinner included, which last you must pay for, want it or not.

My vessel was the "Virgilio," an old-fashioned affair, not over-clean, and slow to boot, though strongly built withal; her captain ditto, and about the size of a paddle-box; ballast in himself. He did me a good turn, however, of which, to recall it, I shall make honourable mention. After dinner, on rising to go on deck, behold, my little Glengarry bonnet, was not to be found. I had deposited it on the couch; that I could swear to—though the waiters wished to persuade me I had come down bare-headed—they hadn't seen it—not they; and shouldn't know it, if they did. So, accordingly, after a lengthened search, throughout the saloon and cabins, without producing the wished-for "*Eureka*" from any seeker, I made my way to the gigantic master aforenamed, stated my grievance, and solicited his interference, which was instantly vouchsafed; when lo! in the second cabin he *personally* explored, there lay the devoted bonnet, ensconced 'neath a mass of cloaks, &c., under which I had previously seen the waiters "*diligently search.*" One of them had clearly taken a fancy to it, which, however gratifying to my taste, was one I could have ill afforded his indulging, my "Gibus" being stowed away in my portmanteau, and that again in the ship's hold. The night was lovely, and I had a fine view of Elba, by moonlight, passing close to it.

At dinner, sat the veriest "*cochon*" it has ever been my lot to eat with, and I have met many in my travels. He was a Frenchman, standing about 5 feet 2 inches, and sparely made to boot, (facts which I record, as rendering the following mental exploits the more extraordinary), and his physiognomy exhibiting that hard, stony, square appearance, occasionally met with on Egyptian monuments, or at times graven on granite, the engraver not standing A 1. Having literally gloated awhile o'er the prepared viands, he fell to "with a will." Pile upon pile heaped he on his devoted plate, necessity, or time for once changing the which, appearing to form no part of his prandial creed, and its surface never having been fairly visible, until its final clearance. Nor did he treat his capacious mouth a whit the better. Whole potatoes, and semi-cabbages, were tossed mercilessly in; although vacuum succeeded with such rapidity, that suspicion involuntarily obtruded itself of some apparatus or other existing about his neck, like that employed by the noted Jack, when banquetting with his gigantic host. Add to this, that his stumpy arms literally *encircled* the aforenamed plate, from which his stony phiz was seldom raised more than a few inches; that phiz, and the whole man, being piggishly dirty, to boot; and you have the little monster as he appeared "at meat;" premising, as I should have done, that he sat down to it "in his cap," and never once removed it. True, he had disbursed four francs for his entertainment; yet, though an usually "ample" charge abroad, there is no doubt that, in this case, a heavy loss resulted to the purveyor, who, poor fellow, had bargained to entertain "man" alone, and not, as he found, "man *and* beast." I have recorded this little episode,

in extenso, to remember how near to the level of the latter the *genus humanum can* descend. Never sea-sick, I nigh well became so, at the spectacle—or, to say more correctly, man-sick.

On awaking next morning, about 7 a.m., I found myself in the harbour of Civita Vecchia; the most triste, disgusting, and *extortionating* (I must coin a word for it) place a man can fall in with; in these parts, at least; and even to effect a landing at it, hole as it is, there is an abominable detention caused by the officials. 'Twas 10 a.m. ere we effected it. *A peine* ashore, if going inland, one is hurried off to the Douane, where a rigorous search is instituted, everything being tumbled mercilessly about, particularly books and papers. Stumbling on two or three little French novels of mine, they concluded these *must* be *défendus*, set about poring over the contents, of which they clearly couldn't understand a word, and *consequently* "wanted to detain them;" a proceeding I of course didn't permit; challenging any *proof* soever of their contraband nature. A *Punch* next, a solitary number I chanced to have, attracted attention: this I begged the worthy's acceptance of, but, with a spirit of contradiction, he at once replaced it. Some letters of introduction I had, for Madrid, were then overhauled; and, though *why* I couldn't comprehend, I was directed to put *them* into my *pocket*. The ceremony finished by crumpling up, and spoiling, half a quire of thin foreign post writing paper, to see if it contained any thing; this done, the closing succeeded; after which, the examining ferret, following me outside, actually solicited a "*buona mano*," for letting me off *so easily!* My foot involuntarily rose, but luckily, perhaps, was not applied.

A pestering next ensues for porterage; one worthy claims salvage, for transporting *to* the Douane, at so much per package; a second, for carriage *from* it to vehicle; a third, for locomotion in and about the said Douane; in support of which claims a tariff, bearing no visible date, however, is poked into your face, and payment, in fine, your only, at least wisest, resource.

However, to leave this wretched hole, two "*visés*" are again requisite: one of them, strange to say, that of the *English* Consul, bearing a tax too of 5 Pauls—rather an anomalous requisition, 'twould seem, from such a place after a few hours detention only, and with the Secretary of State's own passport. On issuing from its gates, a third *visé* is appended, and midway to Rome, again, another!

The road Rome-ward is most uninteresting, but luckily, not requiring more than 9 hours to get over, *plus* an annoying, and, I believe, usual detention at its gates; for there, despite the glaring fact, testified by leaden plummets, which had been affixed to each package at the Civita Vecchia Douane, that all the luggage had been examined and passed, we were obliged to pay a something each, and make a purse for a crew of harpies, in order to avoid a recurrence of the ceremony, and consequent, detention at least. 'Twas altogether a series of annoyances from the time of entering harbour till that of entering Hotel-yard; and, even there, a *comble* was put to them by the porter, who had shouldered my portmanteau, and

carried it perhaps 100 *yards*, actually *claiming five francs* for the same! I gave him *one*, and, perceiving I had a *nasty* fellow to deal with, took out my watch, remarking *en même temps*, that I should allow him just one half minute to make his exit from my private room, wherein he had expressed his determination to remain until paid "in full," hinting to him the disagreeable alternative; a few Roman oaths accordingly, and he was gone. Their favourite one is "*accidente*."

I had intended going to the Hotel de l'Europe, but couldn't get taken in, so stayed at the "Londres" close by, in "the Piazza di Spagna" to wit. The "Angleterre" or "Allemagne" afford, however, as I afterwards found, much better quarters for bachelors, either actual or temporary, and are much more reasonable in charges. On discharging my bill at the "Londres," I found myself charged 4 francs per day for my bed room, 2 for plain breakfasts, (coffee and eggs,) "6 for a warm bath!" and so forth. I usually *ask* the damage of *bed room*, at any rate, but, in this instance, arrived very late, and *very* hungry, forgetting *ainsi*, all about anything else.

My first feeling, both in traversing it at night, and renewing my acquaintance next morning, was of disappointment with Rome; *why*, I could scarcely have defined: but so it was. It was not the "Rome" I had expected or pictured. Hurrying off, albeit, to St. Peter's, all and every thing, save the wondrous, stupendous marvel above and around me, was, for the while, forgotten.

Who *can* describe that colossal yet light—beauteous yet grand—vast yet wondrously proportioned structure, so as to convey anything like an adequate idea of it; or rather, of what it would be found on personal view? I can *not*, nor would attempt it. My own feelings, after an hour's wandering about its vastness, and becoming, which you do not at first, until somewhat familiar with its various, varied, and yet harmonious parts and construction, more fully sensible of it, were almost those of *stupor*. My very brain ached at the magnificent *tout ensemble* of which it had to bear the reflection. I sadly desired some one to *share* my wonderment with me; to whom, by imparting some portion of it, I should haply have found relief myself. I scarcely remember ever before feeling *so* little, *so* insignificant, as when pacing 'neath that mighty edifice, hardly realizing as fact that it was the work of beings like myself. The exterior is, however, *selon moi*, *far* less striking than that of our own St. Paul's; I mean to say, of the building itself:—the Piazza in front of it, with its semi-circular rows of Colonnades, fine Obelisk, splendid *jets d'eau*, and vast area, forming an unique *coup d'œil*, (as a writer truly says,) "defying criticism."

A Cardinal happened to be making a tour to the different shrines whilst I was in the Church, and 'twas really curious to watch the old boy. A case of perpetual kneeling, rising, crossing, and mumbling, at one spot after another; never more than a minute or two at each; having two attendant priests, and three strapping *footmen in gorgeous livery*, parading after him, bobbing when he bobbed, kneeling when he kneeled, *mais au reste* clearly, only

mentally occupied with "things in general." Such a mixture of humility, pride, pomp, and mummery, 'tis not easy to surpass: certainly not necessary.

Several threw themselves in the holy man's way, as he wended his devious course about the building, craving his blessing; a gift, I must say, he distributed, with the utmost suavity and readiness, as soon as solicited. At length, a poor, sickly-looking creature, in the female shape, an unmistakeable object of pity, humbly drew near, and craved his "charity." There must have been something cloudy, or cloud-producing, in the woman's aspect, impeding the great Cardinal's view; or haply, his pure spirit was at the moment wholly absorbed in matters celestial, of faith and hope; at any rate, "*he saw her not.*" She followed, still piteously supplicating, but his ears were not open to mortal voice, though his body, at least, seemed susceptible of mortal influence, for the *beggar's* vicinity perceptibly augmented the *Cardinal's* speed. I closely watched this scene, and "accompanied it." Observed, too, was I, either by the piercing eye of holiness itself, or one of the lesser satellites, revolving about its devious course; for at length, and I dare say in consequence, its head slightly turned, its lips uttered some unctuous sound (no doubt), and the result was, the bestowal, by one of the afore-named satellites, of some coin or other, on the wretched applicant. Twenty of the choicest *blessings* would have cost her far—far less trouble to attain.

There is located, in the body of the Church, a bronze figure of St. Peter himself, on chair enthroned; and, 'twas curious to see how many, after performing their devotions, at some favoured spot or other, came statue-ward, and kissed its toe!! I watched these parties out, naturally anticipating some further display of mental aberration, and felt half-surprised to find them, apparently, in possession of such senses as Providence had bestowed upon them. This toe is wearing away, and has become quite bright, with the frequent kissings bestowed on it;—brighter, certainly, than the kissers.

Desirous of getting a general, before a special, survey, of the famous city, I speeded thence, to the Capitol-hill, whence, from the summit of the belfry there, I had heard that the best view was obtainable:—ancient Rome, lying on one side—modern, on the other; and a fine panorama, indeed, I found it: the former, deeply interesting: though, even it, still short of what I had expected; why, or in what, I could hardly define. Largely must one draw on imagination, to picture what "Rome was," were it not for the stupendous Coliseum, the wide-spreading ruin of the palace of the Cæsars, and that of the once noble mass of buildings, forming the famed Baths of Caracalla. Modern Rome, too, looks well hence, (better, far, than when threading its streets,) though one is disposed to wish it were *not there.* An hour or two pass, ere one is aware of it, in the contemplation of the many classical, one may say, old, associations, meeting the eye, wherever it falls—hours, which were to me the most interesting of those passed here. It was the first freshness of long-cherished curiosity being gratified. I descended the old tower with a sigh, half-regretting I had still so much else to see, as to compel "moving on."

Impulse drew my steps Coliseum-ward, though I did not linger there long, promising myself the pleasure of a moonlight view—the happiest one, I had heard; and, as subsequently proved, truly so. Were this stupendous ruin the sole vestige of the world's once-mistress, I could well believe the records concerning her mighty grandeur. *Vast*, indeed, must have been the means to compass, and ambition to conceive, so noble a structure.

Strolling onward, the length of a direct street, I found myself at the celebrated Church of St. Giovanni in Laterano, with its fine colossal figures of the Apostles; containing, moreover, in a vault under the Corsini Chapel, the most interesting, touching piece of sculpture, I had yet seen—though one of very many. 'Tis a group by Bertini, representing the Saviour dead, lying on the Virgin's lap, carved from a single block, of exquisite beauty. I had, in descending to the vault, replaced my hat, at my guide's suggestion, but, *involuntarily* doffed it, on finding myself before this touching masterpiece. The lonely quiet of the place, too, adds to the *tout ensemble*, and produces a holy and soothing feeling. Had time been mine own, I could have lingered an hour in that vault: and if ever permitted again to tread the streets of Rome, one of my earliest visits will be there.

Proceeding the length of another street (or road, rather), at right angles with the one leading hither from the Coliseum, I reached another fine Church—that of Santa Maria Maggiore—reminding one, as to its exterior, though, of course, *very* humbly, of St. Peter's, being built somewhat on the same plan. Here, too, is found some rare sculpture; with fine mosaic, over the altar. This terminated my first day's proceedings: and not an idle one, as I walked the greater part.

On the second, I visited the ancient Church of the Pantheon, with its fine old columns, vast dome, and curious *open* roof—this latter giving it a strange and most unwonted appearance. Thence, to that of St. Augustine—a quaint old pile—its interior, full to repletion, of effigies, relics, symbols, and oddities, lining even its very pillars; and possessing also an extensive library attached to it; as also to the adjacent "Minerva" Church—both of them repaying a visit. I next passed to the *bonne bouche* of modern Rome's many objects of interest, the "Vatican," to wit; which, however, requires frequent and protracted visits. On this one, I confined myself to the magnificent galleries of statuary, where the eye and brain grow literally weary of appreciating the varied, apparently endless, and beauteous, works of art, which fill them. Purest marbles, finest alabaster, richest porphyry, Egypt's rarest stone, are here, in profuse variety, and finest shape—a very glut, so to say—and requiring *hours*, even, to scan cursorily—*days*, as an amateur. Despite all I had heard and *expected* (not a little), I was, still, *astonished*. Were there nothing else to see, at Rome, a journey thither, from our statueless isle, would be well repaid, by it alone.

That the brain might not become too bemarbled, I treated it to a contemplation of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" (in the Sistina Chapel); with which, however, I confess, I was disappointed. They

have managed, too, to hide the lower part of it; and the light is far from good. In the "marble halls," I had met, and struck up an acquaintance with, a German and his wife, extremely agreeable, as well as highly-intelligent people; and, after we had wandered about for some time together, conversing in a mixture of French, Italian, and German, I being but little *au fait* at the latter, they not very so at the two former, I tendered the use of my carriage (*hired* one, *cioè*), to the lady, who was very tired, to conduct her home. My offer was gladly accepted; and finding that I was afterwards bound for the Villa Albani, *muni* with a *billet de permission* to visit it (which is necessary), they asked me to take them with me, if possible, under the same permit, which (finding, on inspection, that the permit in question had been made out in the name of "Don Emanuele" something or other, and party, though given to me), I thought would not be difficult: nor was it. We shared the enjoyment, accordingly; finding pretty grounds, a deal of fine sculpture, some rare antiques, and a few good old paintings. We finished the trip with a drive by the Quirinal Hill, where stands the Papal summer residence (whence the Pope lately escaped), faced by a group of colossal Grecian statues; and, curiosity there satisfied, passed down to the famous "Trevi Fountains," which strike one as a most out-of-place and un-looked for object, when suddenly coming upon them from one of the narrow, filthy streets by which they are surrounded; the "design" being charming, and effect striking, though more suited, far, for a beautiful *Campagna*, than the heart of a filthy neighbourhood. Homeward, at last, through the "Piazza" of the Four Fountains, one at each corner of four different streets, standing opposite to each other, and having a rare old aspect. The number and variety, indeed, of fountains, all over the city, seems one of its most striking characteristics. In parting with my German allies, after an exchange of names, and a cordial invite *chez eux*, I unexpectedly fell in with two others, acquaintances I had made at Venice: the one, H—, a nice young fellow, *en route* to join his regiment at Malta; the other M—, with whom I had crossed from Venice to Trieste, and afterwards left with for Naples, chumming together, during my stay there.

A thorough discussion of the few, though fine, pictures in the Vatican, and extensive and curious Library, or, rather, series of libraries, therein; a cursory, or preparatory one, of the rich Borghese Picture Gallery; with another long stroll about St. Peter's, formed my third day's occupation.

I found that of the latter I had really, despite my first protracted gaze and wonderment, seen next to nothing, and but half appreciated what I had seen; something new and beautiful, continually presenting itself, as I grew more familiar with it. To my utter surprise, too, I found that the fine, noble sized, and numerous *paintings*, as I had supposed them to be, and admired as such, were actually all *entirely mosaic! Marvellous*, indeed, are they! and so rich in colouring, and *perfect* in every part, that the closest inspection alone, convinces one of the above astonishing fact; nay, more, on going backward a few paces, actually again forcing doubt upon one. The splendidly conceived and chaste figures of Youth and

Age, at the farthermost altar's side; two lions couchants, one asleep, the other watchful; and two beautifully chiselled figures of angels, at the tomb of the Stuarts, particularly struck me, as they must any one. Nothing can more closely resemble life, than the artists have here succeeded in doing; so natural the attitudes; so perfect the forms and proportions.

The fourth morning of my sojourn being fine, cold, and bracing, I eschewed wheels, and had a thorough bout of walking, over the city. Lingering awhile, on the fine Piazza del Popolo (*outside* the gate of which is the Protestant *Church*, par excellence, one not being allowed, by his tolerant Holiness, *within*)—ascending thence, the Pincio-hill, *the* promenade of Rome, and whence there is a fine view of it—and onward, to where Adrian's column rises from an oblong, sunken, enclosure; wherein stands many a broken pillar; the melancholy vestige of days gone by. There are several of these columns in Rome; and all, if I recollect, richly covered with bas-reliefs, of rare execution. The one to Marcus Aurelius, in the Piazza Colonna, (where stands the post-office,) is perhaps the finest. Of inside lionizing, I had the rich Museum of Sculpture, and Picture Gallery, at the Capitol, the former including *the* dying (or undying) Gladiator, and the chaste Venus, in her solitary chamber, chief among many a *chef d'œuvre;* and terminated my previously commenced enjoyment, of the extensive and rich "Borghese" Gallery; the grand finale being an *entrée* into several churches; the Jesuits, St. Andrea, St. Marcel, and St. Somebodyelse's (I forget the worthy), to wit. The first-named, is rich in frescos and decorations, and right well worth a visit; whilst the others are each (as well as, perhaps, all here, with few exceptions), possessed of something to attract. "Roman Catholic Churches," indeed, are seldom deficient in such.

I must not, by the way, in dismissing my Museum visit, omit to record, how interesting is the large collection in it of ancient busts; those of the chief Philosophers, and worthies of yore.

It has been observed, and curiously true is it, how several of these Christian Churches are profusely ornamented with spoils torn from, and erst deemed fitting decorations for, the Heathen temples and tombs of ancient Rome. In that of St. Giovanni in Laterano, for instance, are some pillars, taken from Adrian's tomb; and some, from the Capitol; the latter still bearing the carved figures of the Geese that saved it. Statues too, and bas-reliefs, in numbers, crowd them; all torn (one may say), from the old city. "How different an aspect, indeed, (as a clever writer has remarked,) would this last present, even now, had *time* alone dealt with it, and *man* not aided, in the spoliage!"

By the way I must not forget to record, seldom as I particularize in the matter of, what I call, notorious lions, how struck I was with the curious, and fine Obelisk, standing in front of St. Giovanni in Laterano: coeval, 'tis said, with Troy—brought by the Romans, from Upper Egypt, at a cost of wondrous trouble—always respected and prized—still perfect—and covered with hieroglyphics, still, I believe, unread.

In my fifth day's wanderings, I visited four galleries of pictures; viz., those of the Palazzi Doria, Sciana, Corsini, and Farnesina. The chief, indeed the only attraction, in the latter, however, are frescos, though very good ones. The Corsini stands just opposite to it, and is not only a very extensive, but a very rich one. A "Prometheus" by Salvator Rosa, and a "Woman taken in Adultery" by Titian, greatly struck me; as did an "Ecce Homo" at the Doria Palace. I have never, however, in any instance, either made a note *whilst* sight seeing, used a guide book, or read a description, of any place, or thing, I was going to witness—a general, pleasing, recollection, of the splendid *mass* of art sufficing me; whilst I have neither the desire, or power, to enter into those flowing details and minutiæ, necessary if scribbled for sale—very well for effect—useful, perhaps, in a hand-book; but, *selon moi*, out of place in *my* humble *vestigia* of travel. A yet more potent reason is, that every iota, or nearly so, that I have seen, in the way of *known* lions, has doubtless been well and often described already, by infinitely abler heads and hands than mine. I must confess, too, in the matter of paintings, to a feeling of satiety, and even *ennui*, at the frequent recurrence of the same subjects—"St. Sebastians," with arrow-pierced body, literally swarm. Not a gallery without one—becoming, *enfin*, really quite (*h*)arrowing to the feelings to meet with (oh!). "Susannas," "Judiths," "Cleopatras," and "Lucretias" are scarcely second, in their multiplied existence; whilst "Potiphar's Wife" I should know anywhere.

Talking of recognition, I shall not fail to recognise, should we ever again meet, the "Baiocchi" and "Pauls," constituting the principal Papal currency; so frequently do they pass through a visitor's fingers, in sight-seeing and its attendant evils in the Sacred City—

"Pauls (indeed) depart, and Romans take them,
To their pockets, vast and deep;
Nought but direst need can shake them,
From the caverns where they sleep."

Homeward-bound, I passed the Church of the "Santi Apostoli," and entered it, finding, as usual, a fine and rich one. I was here amused, mixed with a dash of disgust, at a little episode of the Confessional, I chanced to witness. A young woman was piously, *à genoux*, with upraised hands, and bowed head, pouring forth to an old sinner (I doubt not), in the middle compartment of the box, her *peccadilloes*, great and small; and that, doubtless, with the fullest faith as to the efficacy of her proceeding. What was the man of God doing all this while? He was leaning comfortably on the entrance door, looking round the church, at myself and others, with the most intense *nonchalance*, and indulging in the, perhaps, piquant, though somewhat sublunary, amusement of "snuff taking!" Had the penitent been aware of what was passing on the other side of the grating of separation, her reverential feelings would, I trow, have cooled a trifle; and she might possibly have admitted Almighty God himself to be a somewhat fitter recipient for her outpourings. Hardly finished, and the absolved sinner risen, when quickly arose also the holy receptacle of her just confessed sins, hurriedly following her towards the body of the church, seeing therefore, and for the evident

purpose of so seeing, *who* it was he had just shriven: a proceeding, I had thought, quite *hors de règle;* or, if not, certainly rendering a separate compartment, for the two performers, a mere matter of form.

I have, however, in my wanderings, met many Roman Catholics who quite ridiculed the Confessional; admitting readily, and with a laugh, nay volunteering, in reply to my bantering on the subject, the unclerical and presumptuously uncelibatic fact, "that where the pretty girls were gathered together, there, *surely*, was a Priest." Times and oft have I seen these worthies seated, in the vicinity of Naples, *surtout*, in small houses, actually surrounded with pretty women—knitting, sewing, and so forth—happy fellows: each a Hercules with many Omphales. I verily believe that celibacy, as generally (not universally, of course), interpreted by the "Continental" Priesthood, is just what the wit described it to be, "a vow that is, to be content with other people's wives, in lieu of having one of their own."

Highly interesting was my sixth day spent entirely amid ancient Rome. I began by a drive out to the Church of St. Paul, erst destroyed and now rebuilding; distant about two miles from the city, from which you pass forth through St. Paul's gate, and by the Pyramid of, (if I recollect aright,) Caius Sestus. The choir only was yet completed; but a magnificently fine one it is, both as regards dimension, design, and decoration. The vast quantity of splendid Egyptian marbles, alabaster, porphyry, and stone of every, most beautiful, description, is truly surprising—most of it, I believe, sent by Mehemet Ali to the Pope. The roof is very lofty, and richly gilt; the mosaic, over the altar, all such could be; and the *tout ensemble* most striking. The body of the church, still in course of progress, promises to be worthy of the choir. There are, if I mistake not, some sixty colossal granite columns supporting its roof, each transported from the Simplon!

Hence, I proceeded, to the Thermæ, or Baths, of Caracalla, distant about an hour's walk; and fully does the stupendous ruin corroborate those evidences of the mighty grandeur of Ante-Christian Rome, still presented by the Coliseum; though despoiled, as it has been, for palaces and churches, of all its marble and richness. Long did I wander about this desolate scene of bygone pomp and festivity; passing on to one hard by—in full keeping with it, so far—the once proud Palace of the Cæsars, covering the Mount Palatine. The merest wreck, alone remains. Vegetation, both wild and cultivated, crowns the walls and summits, and ruin reigns complete. Musingly did I stroll over it all, quietly enjoying my cigar; and re-peopling it as I did so—interrupted ever and anon by my guide's loquacity, bringing to notice some remarkable, and I doubt not, purely imaginary *locale* of celebrity, and amongst these I remember Seneca's bath, and that of Livy; the latter, however, probably correctly known. I wandered thence amid all the many *vestigia* of the past that surrounded me. The fine Arch of Constantine, still in excellent preservation—the smaller one of Vespasian—that of Titus, celebrating his conquest of Jerusalem—and the more ancient one of Septimus Severus. Hard by this last, stand the ruins of the Temple to Jupiter

Tonans, erected (as known) by Augustus, to the god's honour, on account of his escape from a thunderbolt. There, too, are seen, the vestiges of many a fane to Venus, the Sun, the Moon, Peace, Jupiter Stator, (he who kept the Romans from flying from their enemies); and embedded among all, as it were, is the ancient Forum, itself traceless, save by the surrounding ruins—the mighty Coliseum crowning them all. To this last I paid, on that evening, my promised moonlight visit; and well, indeed, was I repaid. The *tout ensemble* beggars description—at least, *my* power of it. Majestic, and even awe-striking, is this colossal ruin, thus seen when all is still, and in keeping; standing out in bold relief against the pale, but favouring light—proud and beautiful, despite its decayed and despoiled state; haply even more so than when in all the freshness of pristine magnificence, the panting Gladiator struggled in its oval arena, amidst the plaudits of the nine times ten thousand who thronged its galleries. Long did I linger and enjoy this touching, lovely scene, returning home late, almost saddened, though delighted.

To St. Peter's was my last day consecrated, as had been part of my first; and fortunate was I, for Pius the Ninth presided at High Mass —it being, I was told, the anniversary of the Church's foundation.

Splendid was the music—rich and novel the scene.

With a mixture of insinuation and shouldering, I managed to get a station close to where his Holiness was to, and did, pass, getting opportuntity thus for a full inspection of him, and a manual blessing to boot, *en passant*. A keen-looking, clever head and face has this Pope, and very much does he resemble his portraits. I was, however, a little surprised to see a number of his Swiss Guards, fully armed, keeping the gates of the Chapel in which he was during Mass, and forming a line for him to pass through out of it; a proceeding somewhat out of keeping, methinks, in a "Church." *Whither*, however, did his Holiness proceed, and *what* did he? I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw him approach the bronze figure, originally, I believe, cast as representative of the *Heathen Jupiter*, but which the addition of a sort of "halo" has since converted into that of a *Saint*—Peter himself to wit—and reverently kiss its polished toe! I then no longer wondered at the poor creatures whom I had previously seen commit the same folly, and then deemed so to(e)tally demented!

There was still, however, a rich scene of what cannot but strike the *unconverted* as rank "mummery." The Pope, Cardinals, followers, and numbers of people, all knelt beneath the large Dome, from out of a small door in a gallery in which, some Priests presently emerged at intervals, holding aloft, as they did so, a variety of "Relics" for public, I can't say *inspection*, but blind reverence, as they might have been what you please, or chose to fancy—in fact, to quote, slightly altered, the showman's remark to his juvenile peepers, "*You pays your reverence, and you takes your choice.*" I enquired of a bystander, anent one or two, and he gravely, and evidently in full faith, informed me that one (at that moment exhibiting), contained our Saviour's sweat! another, I believe, the blood! a third

was a piece of the Cross! a fourth, the identical Spear! and so on. I was not sorry, despite its novelty, when the "*imposing*" ceremony was over.

On proceeding to the Custode, for permission to mount to the Dome, Ball, &c., was informed, that being a *giorno di festa*, it couldn't be done, at any price. *Au déséspoir*, (as I was leaving Rome that night,) but determined not to be disappointed, if perseverance could effect aught, I went to the French Captain of that day's Guard, at the Vatican, stated my (indeed our, as three young Englishmen had joined me), case, and solicited *his* influence, knowing, I said, such (French *cioè*) to be all powerful at Rome; and so I found it. With the utmost politeness he called a sergeant, directed him to prefer his "request," as Captain of the Guard, to have us admitted, and admitted we were *de suite*, with our martial escort.

The ascent is toilsome, but amply repaid when completed, whether by the internal or external view afforded. The latter is, of course, wide-spreading, comprehensive, and beautiful, though to see "Rome" to advantage, I prefer my first *locale* on the Capitol. The looking down upon the aisles, from the Dome's summit, is giddy work; but gives one a still fuller idea of the vastness of the mighty whole. The mosaics of the Apostles, which cover the Dome's interior, are fine and expressive, despite their colossal size. Another peep at the Vatican's treasures, and away home to my last meal in Rome, which I quitted, after a not idle week, at 7 p.m., for Civita Vecchia again; paying, ere I got away, "16" francs, as a sort of "*bonne bouche*," for *visés* and abominations connected with my passport.

Reaching the wretched place at a quarter before 5 a.m., and having engaged a bed for a few hours' rest, I went down to a *caffè* attached to the hotel, in order to fortify myself with a sort of first *déjeûner*. On remounting, *après*, as I believed, towards my room, I found to my surprise that all was dark, which however I accounted for, by presuming that the good folks had gone to rest again, and put out the lights after receiving us all, and so preferred groping on to rousing them up again; at length, after trying a variety of doors, opening some, kicking at others, up one passage and down another, I got fairly lost, and stood uttering loud solicitations for the appearance of some specimen of humanity. Hope, in the shape of light, at length glimmered upon me, when it proved that the hotel, and hotel stairs, having been bi-sected, the latter by a thin wall only, I had quietly (or rather noisily) taken the *wrong* side of the wall, and got into a private dwelling house. Fortunate was I to get out without being stillettoed, bitten, or ducked, or some other Italian pleasantry.

I left for Naples in the Vesuvio, a very fine and comfortable, but, as she subsequently proved herself, very *lively* vessel. The weather had threatened all night, and proceeded to carry its threats out. Right lustily blew it, and from the very worst quarter, S.W. to wit, giving us the benefit of the full force of the vast Lake; and a most diabolical motion was the result; its chief characteristic being the heaviest rolling imaginable, enlivened by an occasional *slewing* about, in no describable manner. Five times have I rounded the Cape of Good Hope—times and oft have I traversed the Channel—

bad weather have I seen in the North Sea;—but never did I experience a greater abomination than this in the way of "motion." The passengers soon proved themselves Vesuvii—barring the lava! I remained *well*, as usual, though not particularly "comfortable," having to hold on firmly, in order to keep my seat and avoid capsizing. My turn, however, was coming. A wretched dog presently waddled across the poop, looking dejected and cowed, as though he had just been beaten. He gazed piteously around for a moment—staggered towards me, and (bah! the very thought is, even now, *dégoûtant*) vomited the whole contents of his stomach close to my feet! Oft had I heard, and used, the proverbial simile of "sick as a dog;" but, until now, was not aware of its "full import." Humanity I had stoically watched, and listened to, around me, as it succumbed to the resistless nausea; but a dog's vomit *was de trop*, and I instantly felt the germs of what, though an hour or two after only, resulted in my own undoing.

At the late hour of 6 p.m. only, was the dinner announced, in order, I suppose, to give every one time to get *hors de combat*—payment being compulsory, dinner or no dinner. Three passengers, including myself, with the Captain, alone graced the festive board, out of some thirty. One of these only got through his fish—paled—grew restless—adverted to heat—and finally rushed forth! I did manage to sit it out, and rose from table all right; *à peine*, however, outside, and descending to my cabin for a cigar, when an instant, and most unexpected, involuntary effort, rendered futile the last half hour's mastication. I secured and lit the said cigar, however, and neither thought or felt more of my disaster. Every dog, they say, has his day. I didn't desire the brute mentioned to be deprived of his; but I *did* wish he hadn't had his dinner. He repeated the performance next morning, after we were in port even, but I was callous this time fortunately.

'Twas half-past two p.m., with a bright moon, when we made Naples, and I at once turned out to get a peep at the long "fancied" Bay, but turned in again "disappointed." The delay in allowing us to land was abominable; though, when I say us, I allude particularly to the English and the smaller foreign fry only; for, early in the proceeding, I saw a pale attenuated-looking youth quietly passing down the ship's side to a boat, followed by some half-dozen others. I enquired by what virtue or virtues his disembarkation was hastened, and was told he was a "Prince;" and what was more, a Neapolitan Prince—the others forming his suite. A Princess next passed away with hers; and then sundry notables of lesser rank, but all "*Neapolitans*." At length a *horse*, "the Prince's horse," was handed over the side, ourselves being still prisoners. I enquired, at the general request, of our Captain, whether we had, individually or collectively, sinned or offended, that this apparently gross partiality obtained; but he quietly observed that it was all *chance*, the police preparing "Permits" as fast as they could, and sending them off on board as soon as ready. *Chance*, for once, was not blind; however, there was no remedy but anathematizing the police, which we did heartily and loudly.

Of "Naples," so oft the theme of raptured song, of warmest panegyric, what *can* I say? *Add* I cannot—*diminish* I dare not—without fear of incurring the well-nigh certain application of epithets, such as soulless—tasteless. I'll risk them, nathless, and declare myself "disappointed" with it, both as a whole and in detail. I mean, of course, to say with its general aspect; not as regards its highly interesting, and so classically associated, neighbourhood, every part of which I thoroughly enjoyed and fully appreciated. Perhaps, however, this favoured spot, for such it assuredly is, suffers, or suffered, with me, under the very ordinary disadvantage of having been too oft and too highly extolled; and had I come upon it, unaware that it *was* Naples, might have commanded as full a meed of praise at my hands as of those who have, I believe, in their ardour (and by the addition of a letter to the original saying)* given birth to the now patent dogma of "*Veder Napoli, e poi Morir;*" a result, faith, that a long stay in some of its streets might render not improbable, so filthy are they—denizens to match; indeed, such is the characteristic of two-thirds of Naples, particularly after a bout of rain.

There are a great many Hotels to select quarters from; some having the advantage of the Bay frontage—some of vicinity to the public Promenade—and some of neither, but haply making it up by cheapness. I was located, and very comfortably, at the "Russie," possessing the first-named advantage, with the additional one of a very complaisant and worthy fellow, as its proprietor, real or apparent. As a family hotel, however, perhaps the "Victoria" is the best. I was not highly favoured, in the matter of weather, during my stay, which was, however, sufficiently protracted to enable a tolerably comprehensive lionizing. The Theatres, too, were closed, with the exception of the first two nights of my visit, on which, however, I fortunately visited them, or should have missed a view of the magnificent St. Carlo, as well as of the notorious Don Carlos by the way, who was present during the performance. 'Tis indeed a noble theatre—vast, well proportioned, tasty, and harmonious. I subsequently inspected the stage by day, and found it hardly in keeping with the body of the house, but was informed that it had been lately diminished, in order to add to the adjoining regal Palace. The "Fondo," opened for French plays, I was also much struck with as an elegant building.

Squares, or public "Piazzas," are but few; that, of which the handsome and spacious Palace itself forms one side, being perhaps the only one deserving mention. The fine church of St. Francisco di Paula, forms, with its wings, the opposite side of the square, and is well worth a visit; which, after seeing those at Rome, few Neapolitan Churches are. The one in point is newly built, of a circular shape, having a Dome like the Pantheon at Rome, *minus* the extraordinary aperture distinguishing the latter. It contains seven fine colossal statues, representing the four Evangelists, St. Chrysostom, St. Athanasius, and St. Jerome, (if I recollect aright.) The marble

* It was originally, I believe, "*Veder Napoli, e poi Mori,*" a locality adjacent to it.

columns supporting the portico in front are splendid, each being about 48 feet high and 16 feet in circumference. 'Tis in this square that parades, and such like publicities, take place, nor are the soldiers bad looking, or small men, *tout au contraire*. The Swiss, however, appear to be alone entrusted with the guard of every important post, as that of St. Elmo for instance, the guns of which command the town; whilst, to aid and abet their fire, if necessary, several pieces of cannon are posted on the top of the arsenal guard-house, alike pointed against the town, and enfilading the square before the palace—'neath the gates of which, arranged so as to keep up a cross fire on intruders, are sundry other useful, if not, ornamental pieces of the same *genus:* "emblems of a Monarch's confidence in his people's love."

St. Elmo, or Eremo, is a strong commanding place, a fine object too in the general panorama. I ascended the steep flights leading to it, on one of Balaam's chargers, a little fellow, but a plucky one, carrying me right merrily up without a stumble; not bad work, considering that I was the heaviest of the twain—our road, a succession of steps—and the rise, both rapid and at times abrupt. I selected for my visit the hour of sunset, on a fine clear afternoon, and most lovely was the prospect, or rather were the series of prospects afforded to me; I say series as, by applying to the Concierge, you may be conducted to four different sides of the castle, embracing as many different views, and the entire circle of Naples and its environs. The church, and Quadrangular Monastery attached to, indeed forming part of the castle, are interesting.

Talking of Churches, that of "Gesù" (the Jesuits,) is a very rich and pretty one, as also that yclept Santa Maria Nuova, though perhaps less so. In this last I had a rich musical treat, though one, methinks, strangely out of keeping and place. I found, on entering one morning, a sort of gallery erected in the body of the church, fantastically decorated with flags, tapestry, silk, and all sorts of gewgaws, the rest of the building being similarly treated, and looking more like a booth at a fair than a place of worship. On enquiry, I found that the gallery in question was to serve as an Orchestra, wherein nearly the whole of the St. Carlo *virtuosi*, with other *dilettanti*, were to disport their talents and selves *pro bono publico*, and "gratis," in honour of some saintly personage or other. The last clause, of course, ensured a full attendance, a perfect mob of auditors being the result. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was first rate; but I could not divest myself of the idea of being in a theatre.

Talking of profanity as regards churches, I witnessed in one here, what seemed to me a genuine piece of such. A Priest sat in state, on his Throne of Mercy, the Confessional Chair to wit, and *not* at his side unseen and unseeing, but at the creature's knees and feet, with hands upraised, not to God, but to him, was prostrate a fellow man, pouring forth to his kindred dust the secrets of his soul. 'Twas to me a sickening sight; and I would have paid a handsome sum, by way of dispensation, could I have procured it, for permission to kick the twain right heartily.

From the ridiculous pass we, as relief, to the sublime—and in

this case, as often, but a step; for such brought me to the small out of the way Chapel of St. Severo, not, I believe, as generally known and visited as it should be by *passing* travellers, but containing four pieces of sculpture, of the rarest beauty and highest art. The one is a figure representing "Modesty," with a veil over the head and body, *through* which, are seen the features, shape, &c., apparently detached from it, and so gloriously executed, that one is, at least I was, at first half deceived, and approaches, by no means certain, of not finding one to raise; touch only, affording proof positive to the contrary, and of its being marble, part and parcel of the statue itself. Wondrous indeed, is the effect; and great must have been the talent capable of producing it. A second figure is that of the Dead Saviour, lying at full length, and similarly covered, with an apparently light thin veil, product of the same master hand and art that so adorned "Modesty." Opposite to these, stands a splendid figure representing a man encircled by a strong net, from the meshes of which he is striving to free himself; and nothing, but a net itself, could more resemble one, so exquisitely and perfectly is it worked; indeed, 'tis hard to say which of the three masterpieces is the most striking and wonderful. Over the altar is a crowning effort—a splendid group of seven figures, carved out of "one block" of marble. No sculpture I had yet seen, and 'twas not a little, was to me so interesting as the contents of this little Chapel.

Being contemplative and in musing mood, I included a visit to the famous Catacombs of St. Genuaro dei Poveri, in this day's proceedings. They are, as their name denotes, chambers for the dead; carved out of solid rock; and, taking that fact into consideration, spacious beyond conception. The receptacles for the corpses were, for the most part, stone shelves, ranged one above the other, on which they were laid, "coffinless," to moulder quietly away. An occasional crypt here and there, with a stone slab placed perpendicularly in front of it, to about half the height of a man, was devoted to some family of consequence; and a separate part of the cavern to the remains of Priests—dust, such as theirs, being too holy to mingle with the unsanctified *vestigia* of the laity.

Darkness, of course, reigns supreme, and a torch is requisite to display the gloomy treasures of the deep, the said torch being carried, on the occasion of my visit, by a very old man, with a very harsh and hissing sort of voice—something like a "Cobra Capello" might be supposed to have, if any; and its tone becoming "peculiarly" dissonant in this place. Escape from, or even partially moderate it, I could not: description he *would* give, and that the most voluble, despite my entreaties to the contrary, added to the assurance that I should appreciate the sight as much, and his personal conduct as much more, if silence, in harmony with what surrounded us, characterized our progress. Vain the request! I might as successfully have addressed a contrary one, to the mouldering dust about me. Gloomy, depressingly gloomy, was my stroll through these tortuous passages, lined on each side with the drear, and erst well tenanted, receptacles aforenamed—many of them still actually *heaped up* with mounds of human earth, where

body had been piled upon body—a bone here, a skull there, grimly protruding, and plainly denoting the origin of the dust they reposed in. Sickly and peculiar, too, is the pervading smell, though, haply, fancy aids somewhat in its creation. I was quite alone, moreover, the "Serpent" excepted, which enhanced the general impression of dreariness; and right glad was I, to emerge again into open day and "living air."

I do not know the precise extent or capability of these Catacombs, of which, by the way, there are "two stories," but should imagine, that the greater portion of the population of Naples might be comfortably stowed away there, allowing, of course, as they proceeded, a reasonable and ordinary time for decomposition.

Talking, by the bye, of sickening sights and feelings, the numerous beggars swarming every likely spot, form the one, and engender the other; in many cases being, that is to say, having made themselves, disgusting objects—scarcely one in a hundred being a real one of charity. It suffices almost to look at any boy *en passant*, and he will immediately roar after you and solicit a few "*grani per l'amor di Dio.*" Ask any one at all doubtfully clad, the most ordinary question—your road, for instance—and the information is closely followed by a sort of "confidential" request of the same import. Indeed, 'tis quite tedious for any one, looking at all good-natured or jolly, "providing always he be *not* a native," to traverse the streets.

The lion of Naples itself is its Museum, and a "roaring" one it is—rendered, however, mainly so, by the curiosities from Pompeii and Herculaneum, with which it is filled. There are two compartments as you enter, devoted to frescoes on wood, brought from the former: many highly interesting and curious, and in excellent preservation to boot. Another part, also, on the ground floor, contains a large collection of bronzes, statuary, tomb-stones, and various inscriptions: among them, standing pre-eminent, the world-famous group of the "Toro Farnese," faced by the almost as notorious "Hercules." A number of the Pompeiian statues and bronzes have been set apart, and are not permitted to be seen: being considered, "even there," of too immoral and obscene a tendency; indeed, it is quite clear, both from these, from much that is shown, and much that remains indicative of it at Pompeii itself, that either the worthies of those days must have been sadly lax, or entertained notions of decency materially, and happily, differing from those of to-day, even as understood in South Italy.

Other rooms are devoted to the display of utensils of every description, some in pure silver, some (the greater part) in bronze, and some few in iron; all found in, and brought from the houses, as excavated: many very ingenious: many closely and even accurately resembling ours of to-day. A scale particularly struck me, formed with the horizontal bar and pendant weight, precisely as we use it: seats and tables, too, of various shapes, are there: and there the iron helmet, still containing the skull of the Roman soldier who wore it, and whose skeleton was, as Bulwer describes, found at his post, (where, too, I saw the identical sentry box still remaining.)

Numerous and beautiful vases, too, rivet one's attention, among the much that contests it, composed of that clay which still defies the analysis of modern means and talent; looking, though perhaps two thousand years have elapsed since their moulding, as fresh as when first issued from the potter's hand. The varnish, too, is so excellent, that its similar cannot now be produced. Many among them are of Egyptian, and others of Etruscan mould, but possessing the same characteristic excellencies. The pavement of the apartments containing all these is "entirely mosaic," all brought from houses and temples at Pompeii—curious and artistic.

The miscellaneous relics are many and diverse—loaves of bread, with the baker's stamp and name upon them, clear and fresh—meat—rice—grain of all sorts—bottles and jars of oil—medicines—pills, that had evidently been just rolled—doctors' boxes—a variety of medical instruments, knives, &c. (a curious "forceps" among others)—ladies' toilette cases, containing the usual amount of sundries, and not lacking even a *rouge* pot, half empty too, flanked by a small looking-glass of polished bronze—nets, blackened though not destroyed, by age—golden ornaments, found on the female skeletons discovered in Diomed's cellar; also a purse and money, found in the hand of one, and a key in that of another, supposed to be Diomed's own, and which was evidently, from the place where the skeleton was found, that of a door opening out close to the sea, then adjacent, but since receded a full half mile, all along this coast, whilst on the opposite one of Baiæ, it has gained nearly as much.

There are also many and rare cameos, some from Pompeii, but more generally from Rome, and among them the finest one in the world, being some eight inches, I should say, in diameter (I speak from memory only), and cut on either side; the one affording an exquisite representation of Medusa's head; the subject of the reverse being a disputed one. 'Twas found amid the ruins of the Farnese Palace, by a private soldier; by him parted with, for a mere bagatelle, to his officer; and subsequently presented by the latter to the King of Naples, I believe. 'Tis of very great value and beauty.

Amid the varied treasures of this Museum is a small, but curious, collection of Egyptian antiquities, sundry mummies forming part. One of these last is in excellent preservation, said indeed to be in better than any yet discovered; indeed so excellent as to send me away from its contemplation sick and disgusted—the former, faith, I was, all but, actually.

A noble library, and very rich and extensive picture gallery, complete the contents of this splendid Museum, which will afford, even to the most cursory visitant, a full three or four days' pleasurable occupation. The latter possesses many *chefs d'œuvre* of the most famous masters, besprinkled, however, with a full allowance of *the usual* subjects, before adverted to, characterized perhaps by a trifling excess of "Judiths," that lady being separately depicted in every possible phase of her sanguinary occupation; proceeding, to wit, to poor Holofernes' tent—quietly, and with a placid expression, hacking off that gentleman's *caput*—carrying it out—and finally presenting the same. A picture of Ugolino and Family being starved

to Death, particularly struck me by the way, though I have seldom recorded such facts, in adverting to my "picture gallery" expeditions.

Over the buried city of Herculaneum, stands the now gay and smiling one of Portici; built there, of course, in then ignorance of that unusual substratum, subsequently discovered only, I believe, by the accidental sinking of a well, over the identical spot where stood, and stands, the theatre, the excavation of which has been completed, (and well worth a visit is it,) although the extreme hardness of the lava not only rendered it a work of great toil, and proportionate cost, but proved a considerable barrier to further similar operations, carried on in consequence to a *very* trifling extent, in comparison to those at Pompeii, which city received but the first-fruits of the awful womb of Vesuvius, in the shape of ashes and boiling water, rendering thereby penetration comparatively facile; whilst over Herculaneum was vomited the boiling, and subsequently, when cooled, solid, hard lava, which followed; the towns lying on opposite sides of the mountain.

On taking "the rail" Pompeii-ward, I continued my route thereby as far as Castellamare, in order to see the royal naval arsenal there; the works being conducted, (of course) as regards machinery of all sorts, by an Englishman, (a Mr. May,) as also those in that at Naples, by another. I was much pleased, as well as with the latter, which I afterwards also went over, getting on board one of their many war steamers, through the kindness of a friend, M——, formerly mentioned in these lucubrations, as met at Venice, fellow passengers thence to Trieste, discovered again at a *table d'hôte* in Rome, and now, my companion thence to, and fellow lodger with, at, Naples.

All, or nearly all, their engineers are Englishmen, so what his Sicilian Majesty would do, in the event of a brush with their mother country, appears problematical, having small trust in and a small supply of "native" talent.

Castellamare, a sort of country and bathing resort, is, or was, on the particular day I visited it, a dirty, uninteresting place. We lunched at Mr. May's, per introduction of one of our party, a Captain G——, whom I had met at Rome, an excellent fellow, holding the appointment of Superintendent of the Pope's Navy (!), chief engineer, port financier, &c. &c. Lunch over, (consisting, by the way, of brandy and whisky, with bread and cheese,) we took a carriage in lieu of waiting for train, and drove over a most villainous road to Pompeii, full (at least as regarded myself) of expectation, curiosity, and pent up interest.

Of the result, what can I say? It surpassed even my, I feared, exaggerated claim upon it. A vast, and, saving the house roofs, perfect city, re-echoing but your own voice and footsteps; its worn pavements still distinctly shewing the track of the chariot wheels which rolled through them two thousand years ago; its walls, as entire as when their affrighted occupants rushed forth, for ever, from them; the fine mosaic floors uninjured; emblems, conjointly with the frescoed courts, statuary, and fountains, of the general taste and

luxury of the people. The houses are, however, strangely small and contracted, as well as the streets; the former reminding one forcibly, in construction, of the native houses in India. They consist generally of a number of small apartments, ill lighted, surrounding and opening on to a sort of court yard, or garden. A great deal has been done in the way of excavation, and subsequent total clearing away, of this wondrous covering of ages; and you may now roam for hours about different streets, squares, and temples, perfectly free from actual trace of their long burial.

The Amphitheatre, that Amphitheatre which, together with all connected with the place, Bulwer has so perfectly described and immortalized, is very perfect. Diomed's house, too, just as the same master hand depicts it, is there, with the vaulted subterranean passage running round it, intended, apparently, for a cool walk or retreat in summer; and from the fact of "seventeen" skeletons being found there, clearly sought as one, from the deadly shower of ashes; as which, indeed, it as clearly safely served, the boiling fluid alone, having forced its way in, and brought destruction with it. The impress of one skeleton figure actually remains on the wall!

Not far from Diomed's house, outside the precincts of the city, stands a rapidly growing mountain, formed from the deposit, hitherto burying, but now removed from, it, by the excavators.

Deeply interesting was my ramble through this silent city of the dead—this city, older, probably, than half the years that our data record since Adam—and which, but for the wondrous covering, which, in ruining, preserved it, would doubtless, as many another noted one of antiquity, have passed away; a few decayed vestiges, or haply, some one newly born, from its ruins, alone remaining to mark where Pompeii once stood. To describe what one feels, on such an isolated, unwonted, indeed otherwise impossible, occasion, is difficult —'tis describing the indescribable. Memorable is the visit: a visit I hope to be permitted hereafter to renew, and complete.

Scarcely, if even less memorable soever, was my day's trip to Puzzuoli, Baiæ, and Baulea, the latter near the promontory of Misenum—classic, every yard—and every object teeming with the most interesting classical associations. The land of the Æneid—the favourite retreat of Rome's mightiest, wisest, basest. Here a villa of Cicero; there a palace of Cæsar—here the once splendid and costly dwelling of Nero, with its gushing springs of boiling water; there the tomb of Agrippina—here a vast mountain, the wondrous creature of a single night; there the invading sea, rolling over what was once part of a great city, and claiming, as it were, an equivalent, for what the earth's bowels had adjacently thrown upward, and, as it were, freshly created. Highly volcanic indeed is the whole surrounding country; a series of eruptions having from time to time almost altered the face of it; their sultry influence fertilizing the soil and softening the air, emblem, as it has been well observed, of the human passions, our pleasures and dangers alike springing from the same source.

But to record my trip seriatim.

Soon after leaving Naples you pass through a fine, lofty,

vaulted tunnel, cut through solid rock for more than half a mile, and perfectly straight; daylight at either end, when midway through, being very indistinct; and when at the one end, resembling that of the rising full moon at the other. The "visible darkness" (made so, by a light here and there only, during the day)—the shouts of drivers, hurrying to and fro, and not going a pace the slower than *en plein jour*—the great echo—and general *tout ensemble* —together render it a curious trot through. The Grotto of Pausilippo is its name, and a noble work it is.

A pleasant drive onward, through a rich country, brought me to Puzzuoli, the ancient Puteoli, formerly connected by a stupendous bridge (as bridges then were) with Baiæ, on the opposite side of the bay; the said bridge having been, it is said, built by that pleasant fellow Caligula, and ruins, to mark its whereabouts, still remaining. At Puzzuoli, I was much interested in viewing the fine ruins of what was once a proud temple in honour of Jupiter Serapis; and those of a fine amphitheatre, constructed somewhat differently to those at Verona and Pompeii, and much more decayed, though scarcely less interesting.

By the road side, proceeding towards Baiæ, stand the vestiges of Cicero's Villa, once a favourite retreat of the great orator's, and where was a large academy for his pupils. To the left, rising out of the bay, is situate the small but lofty island of Nisida, connected in ancient story with many a notable scene, but now a receptacle for felons.

Anon, I passed round the base of a considerable and wide-circling hill, many hundred feet in height, and for which its wondrous creation has obtained the apt name of *Monte Nuovo*, or New Mountain. From the bosom of the erst flat plain, on which it now stands, was it vomited forth in one night, some 300 years ago only—firm and undisturbed since then, and appearing as though nature had originally planted it there, in lieu of thus violently, suddenly, and wondrously giving birth to it. Some few miles onward, my guide (a worthy, by the way, necessary to a stranger, in my case, secured at Puzzuoli, and of whom more anon,) checked the driver, and, leaving him to bait his horse by the road side, conducted me up a bye road to the right for perhaps half a mile, at the termination of which I found myself on the bank of the famed Avernus—that lake once supposed to flow over Hell, and from the centre of which (probably originating the belief) an active volcano once belched forth its fire. Hard by, is the cave of the Cumean Sybil, which, crossing from the opposite Cumæ, she was wont to visit; where, she bathed her sacred person; and whence, she delivered her inspired oracles. A small, narrow passage, low, perhaps 6 feet high by 3 broad, leads to the lady's *quondam* baths, to visit which one must needs mount on a man's back, in the old schoolboy fashion, and be carried through a quantity of water, till deposited on the bath's edge. My biped was unfortunately a short, small-made fellow, though he declared himself up to 12 stone odd. He seized the flaring torch and myself almost simultaneously, and started down the narrow passage aforenamed, in which, owing to its

natural closeness, and the horrible stench and flaring of the torch (which, from the biped's having my leg under the arm that carried it, was necessarily in intimate proximity to my face), I must have been well-nigh suffocated had it been longer. After waddling and swaying about, from the combined effects of my weight, the bother of the said torch, and the uneven footing—every now and then sousing my feet under water, a proceeding which, despite my instant exclamations thereat, the little rascal kept affirming to be "fancy," we arrived at our destination; whence—the atmosphere being particularly close, and the sight not over curious—I speedily started again, after hearing my nag's description of its by-gone marvels. *Encore monté*, off we went, as I fondly hoped, straight for daylight again; but, to my disgust, I found we had anchored in another cave, full of water, in the midst of which, there being no friendly bank, the little fellow halted, (the depth being just sufficient to immerse my feet tips,) and insisted on holding forth, then and there, with a full and perfect detail of the *memorabilia loci*, and this, despite all I could do to induce progress. Dismount I couldn't—spur him I dare not, lest both fell into the pit: so, to sit still I was compelled.

Again *en voiture*, a short drive brings you to the scite of Nero's palace and baths, vestiges, though only such, of the former, and the same natural phenomenon which then furnished the latter, being still there. Ascending the side of a steep sort of rock, by a short footpath close to the road, I entered an artificial cave, from which there were two narrow passages leading somewhere, and as I found, to the hot springs themselves, situate under ground, indeed partly beneath where the sea now rolls, at some distance on the opposite side of the road, and at considerable depth. Notwithstanding, so great is the heat and intense the vapour, even at the mouth of the passage, that after proceeding up it but a few paces, it becomes, to one unused, insufferable and overpowering. I entered, and though but for a few instants, rushed out saturated with perspiration. The *genius loci* is an old fellow who has hired the place, and takes out his rent by giving vapour baths to those seeking such; and who, moreover, for a "consideration," strips, takes a light and bucket, descends to the boiling springs, brings up some of the water, and boils an egg therein: looking, on reappearance himself, in pretty much the same predicament as the said egg.

A little distance onward is passed the ruin of Julius Cæsar's palace, the road then going through and over what was once the famous and extensive town of Baiæ, a few "*ruined ruins*" of which, line the shore and road side; volcanic eruptions having swept away nearly the whole city, changed the face of the country, and the sea itself flowing over where one half of it perhaps once stood. Deeply interesting though, despite all this, still is it.

Presently, another halt being ordered by the guide, we descended from the carriage, and ascended a short hill to the right, yclept the Saddle of Baiæ; a descent on either side giving it the semblance of one in shape, and from the summit of which, on an eminence by the road side, you see, on the one side, the Bay of Gaeta, with the lofty isles of Ischia and Procita, rising out of it;—

whilst on turning to the other, you see that of Puzzuoli, graced by those of Nisida and Capri; one and all volcanic creatures, but adding greatly to the beauty of the scene. On a clear day, Gaeta itself, near which the great Cicero was so barbarously murdered, is, I was told, visible. The lake "Fossara," the "Acheron" of old, where the "Styx" formed a barrier to the Elysian Fields beyond, forms also, with them, part of the view; the latter, being more adjacently visible, when seen further on towards Misenum. At the foot of this hill, too, stand the ruins of two temples, erected, the one to Diana, the other to Mercury; the latter still possessing a fine and tolerably perfect dome, famous for the wondrous echo it gives back.

Lunching at a little "Osteria," close at hand, I passed into another extensive ruin, situate just opposite, that to wit, of a temple to Venus, typical, as well as the others, of by-gone grandeur.

A two-mile drive onwards brought me to Baulea, skirting the which, I ascended a lofty promontory, conventionally termed that of Lucullus, from the circumstance of the ruins of his villa being adjacent. The view hence is magnificent On the one side, the splendid bay of Puteoli, (out of which, indeed, the promontory itself rises, and which is best seen from here,) with Nisida and Vesuvius in the distance, and the towering Capri in the foreground. To the right the bluff and time-honoured promontory of Misenum, just forming the point of, what was once, the harbour, where rode Pliny's fleet, but part of which the retiring sea has left dry, and now cultivated, land. The isles of Procita and Ischia—the Elysian fields—and all the much associated therewith, complete the panorama. Just below the promontory I had ascended, are some extensive vaults and excavations, said to be Nero's prisons, but looking more like aquaducts; and, again adjacent, a stupendous reservoir, constructed to preserve fresh water for the Roman fleets calling, and stationed, at Misenum. 'Tis of vast depth and extent, "48" enormous pillars rising from its bottom, supports to a vaulted sort of roof, which entirely covered the reservoir, and preserved the water it contained from any impurity. This, with the pretty drive home again, finished the most active, and perhaps, as a whole, most interesting, day's pleasuring I had taken.—Unfortunately, I was alone; which, in addition to somewhat lessening the enjoyment, proportionately augmented the expense. At each and all of the places visited, there was a "something" to pay; the major part of the notabilities being actually rented from the government. Then, there was the guide, a very good one by the way, known as "Giovanni," rather an old man, whom I selected from many, and strongly recommend; his services, as I was alone, were vouchsafed for "6" carlinis, 10 or 12 being the usual thing. The cost of a torch, and the vehicle (which was one of the small one-horse phaetons plying about the streets of Naples, and which I selected, as having a likely nag attached to it, damage for the day being "18" carlinis, per arrangement), completed the calls for disbursement, amounting in all to 38 carlinis, or about 18 francs, the distance traversed having been 32 miles.

The "Campo Santo," (the Père la Chaise of Naples), is a most interesting, as well as beautifully laid out, spot; studded with mag-

nificent monuments of every varied form, each and all, I believe, without exception, of marble, and mostly of the rarest; and forming a *tout ensemble*, not only unusual, indeed almost unique, but unusually beautiful and chaste. Many a visit should I have paid, if staying at Naples for any time, to this locale; so charming is it, despite its gloomy appropriation.

My last day at Naples I had destined for a visit to Caserta, on the high road to, and not far from, Capua; and where stands a splendid Palace of the King's. *Malheureusement* the day was wretched, rain descending in torrents, with wind to match; holding out, to boot, delightful anticipations as to my morrow's sea trip; whilst to add to the vexation, I found on arrival, after a two hours' purgatory in a close railway carriage, that admission to the said Palace was impossible, a public levee therein being in progress. I should have been *au désespoir* but for the casual acquaintance of a very agreeable French couple, who had come with me from Naples, and on the selfsame errand, and with whom, alternately smoking with the one, conversing with the other, and wishing all sorts of good things to his Sicilian Majesty in the intervals, I managed to get through three weary hours, in the cheerless station room, whilst waiting the return train: the fine Palace, whose exterior alone we were thus fated to see, standing tantalizingly just in front of it.

At length, "*addio Napoli*," after a twelve days' acquaintance, improved to the best of my ability, despite unusually bad weather. There, too, I parted, and regretfully, with my friend M——, the companion now of many an hour, and a good hearted, pleasant fellow. My steamer was my quondam friend the "Vesuvio," an excellent, though *lively* one, as recorded; its Captain ditto, barring the lively. I took my passage direct to Marseilles, a four days' trip; and having already seen that the second class berths were (which they are *not* usually) very comfortable, engaged a second class passage accordingly, putting thereby some 65 francs into one pocket, as a salve for some small amount of pride, which had to be stowed away into the other.

On board I found two very nice fellows, Americans, whom I had frequently met at a *table d'hôte* at Naples; and two others, whom I had seen in St. Peter's, Englishmen, who joined us at Civita Vecchia, attached themselves to me, came on, eventually, with me as far as Paris, and proved excellent companions. A jolly-looking Italian, too, came on board at Civita Vecchia, and claimed acquaintance with me, averring that we had met behind the scenes on the stage of the Opera at Rome. Remember him, I couldn't; at length he announced his name to be "Scalese," when I at once recognized him—a difficult thing at first, when a man has appeared to you bewhiskered, moustachoed, and dressed as the Barber of Seville, and subsequently presents a plain, unvarnished, hairless phiz, with the toggery and demeanour of every-day life. I had seen him often, in days gone by, at the "Scala" at Milan, and we went over together many an Opera and character in which I remembered his humour. He is, I believe, second only to the "great" Lablache, as an Italian buffo singer, and a most amusing fellow.

Yet another acquaintance, too, was claimed at my hands, less legitimately, and, though by a fair lady, I can honestly affirm, less agreeable in its results. I had scarcely been ten minutes on board when a dashing lassie met me, as I was mounting the cabin stairs, accosted and informed me that she had a card for, and introduction to, me, requesting the honour of my august presence in her cabin. I followed accordingly, in no small astonishment, looking wonderingly on while she was fishing amidst a chaos of letters, cards, and packets, until at last she hooked one of the mid-named, and presenting it to me, said that the Captain of the American frigate in port had given it to her, for the party whose name was superscribed, and who would, he had said, on seeing it, afford her any kindness or assistance she required during the voyage. The name was, I found, *not* mine own; but, though disowning its proprietorship, I, of course, professed myself willing to discharge any of the obligations expected from the said proprietor himself. The lady was surprised and somewhat confused, averring that I fully answered the description given of the party, and she had, therefore, unhesitatingly addressed herself to me; adding, on my soliciting some information as to her excellent self, that she was one of the chief dancers at the St. Carlo—engaged for the Carnival, at the "Scala" at Milan—and proceeding to fulfil the said engagement. I then at once recognized her as one of the three principal Ballerinas I had seen, on my single (and only possible) visit to the St. Carlo, and a first-rate *artiste*. She was a light hearted, good natured, and faith, good looking girl—amusing, on some points, but on the whole rather a bore in the matter of conversation, every topic leading somehow to dancing and the stage, as every road is said to do to Rome. Her hatred of Priests was intense, and her ideas of the Confessional particularly anti-Papal; never having, she averred, in her life confessed to any but God (and probably not being very diffuse even in this direct and proper proceeding). She was a rare smoker, and more than once indented on my cigar case, walking up and down the poop with me while taking mine own; nay, finishing hers first, so lustily did she puff. She left us at Genoa. The name on the card, by the way, was *not* a Mrs. (or Mr.) Harris: there being, it proved, a gentleman on board bearing it—clearly (as I afterwards found) *the* Simon Pure—and a fine handsome young fellow he was, which last, faith, perhaps accounted for our Ballerina's mistake!

My passport (though assured at Naples that it had been put sufficiently *en ordre* for the purpose) not having been *viséd* by the Roman envoy at Naples, I was not allowed to land, in consequence, during our day's halt at Civita Vecchia, and a wretchedly slow day it was, in that particularly uninteresting port. The same difficulty, from the same cause, existed at Genoa; but here I resolved to make an attempt for a run on shore, though our worthy captain assured me I should get ignominiously sent back, never having known a passenger succeed in landing without a *visé*. I was accordingly, on landing and presenting myself, quietly bidden to return to the place whence I came, the official as quietly proceeding with his writing, and I as quietly standing by, waiting his leisure. This

happening, I pointed out how I had been deceived at Naples—how willing I was, then and there, to pay up the amount originally chargeable on the *visé* (6 francs)—how that I had, some 28 days previously, been considered a character sufficiently proper for toleration in that same good city of Genoa, as my passport would prove—how that I could not possibly, if leaving the said passport in his hands, and purposing a continuance of my voyage the same evening, do any conceivable harm in, to, or about the said city—in fine, by fortunately knowing the language, so worked on his little feelings, that not only was I passed, *visé*-less, but the usual and regulated fee, that should have been paid for such, actually refused: a result which greatly astonished both myself and the Vesuvio's worthy captain.

Leghorn being a free port, landing there is permitted without a *visé*, on payment of 2 francs; and land I did accordingly, now, as previously, with my two English friends. We got an excellent breakfast and luncheon at "Smith's" hotel. I can't recollect its sign, but strongly recommend both it and its bottled ale—"real Alsop." There is a sculptor living in the hotel courtyard, from whom (as I found from experience) you may purchase, reasonably, many a miniature piece of alabaster sculpture, representing all the most famous and best known originals.

Among other amusements, helping to while away the four days' voyage, was a rare oddity, who unfortunately left us here. His nation was hard to guess, as several languages were his own; but his swarthy complexion, black beard and mustaches, betokened him, with other peculiarities, a Spaniard, rather than any other. He had been remarkably taciturn, when suddenly becoming considerably riled at what he (indeed all) deemed improper slowness in the attendance on our second-class compartment, he let out with a volubility of tongue and gesture that I should have supposed a monkey alone capable of; unless, haply, a *very* angry woman. This over, and dinner too *en même temps*, he began humming something—increased to a definite air—merged into a song—and finally, gave us an excellent one. Our applause seemed to stimulate, for he grew excited, and anon commenced doing the "Improvisatore" to my Ballerina, accompanying the words with suitable action. Finally, rising, he produced a pair of castanets, and handling them beautifully, danced, sang, and acted, splendidly, to the general amusement and surprise, and to his own final exhaustion.

One additionally felicitous effect it might have produced, had it been but the next evening, would have been the quieting a miserable piece of infancy we took on board at Leghorn—the produce of as miserable a looking father—5 feet nothing—front teeth all out—scarce 4 inches of clear face visible, owing to the mass of black matted hair pervading it,—and the whole man, thoroughly insignificant—expressing to boot, perpetual regrets, "that he had ever had a baby." The mother was the family oasis:—a pretty, good tempered woman, alone saving her brat, from either excommunic-ation—strangul-ation—or some other—ation. The eternal scream of a really noisy infant is only, at any rate, *best* appreciable, in a ship's cabin,

in constant and almost unavoidable proximity. The poor mother in this case, after two or three ineffectual risings from dinner, to quiet it, seized it up *au déséspoir*, brought it with her to table, whereat sat some 15 men, deliberately unfastened her dress, and in full view of the lot, administered refreshment thereto!

In leaving Genoa, I was peculiarly favoured, as to seeing it at "its best." 'Twas a clear, cloudless afternoon, with a fresh and inspiriting northerly breeze, whilst a bright sun, poured his declining rays directly upon the city from the opposite west, lighting up and distinctly marking every object. *Magnificent* was the *tout ensemble*, viewed when a few miles distant from port. A vast semicircle of bold and picturesque hills and mountains, rising as it were out of the sea, with lines of houses and villas along the shore at their base, extending perhaps some ten or fifteen miles; the famous city of Palaces itself nestling about midway, and presiding, as it were, over the scene. To *my* taste, this view was *not* second to the most favourable one I had, of the Bay or Bays of Naples—"*tout au contraire.*"

Equally fortunate, too, were we next morning, in our approaches to the fine port of Marseilles, with its bold and dangerous rocks, and almost impregnable fortifications: 'twas really a fine sight. Disagreeable, albeit, indeed, is the harbour itself: a conglomeration of stenches pervading air and water, and a long pull through it, *en batteau*, being our lot. *Pied à terre* at half-past 10 a.m., took a carriage, and started to accomplish, if possible, all necessary preliminaries for our purposed onward progress to Avignon, at half-past mid-day: passports and visit to bankers and custom-house, to wit; no easy matter to compass in two hours, as it proved. Driving to the Prefecture de Police, I recovered the said passport, which I had not seen since leaving Naples, and was directed to proceed with it to the General Police. Arrived there, was told I had no business with them, but must go to the Mairie. Deposited at the portals of the said Mairie, and entering by a door pointed out, I found myself, on my turn for attention coming round, expected to register some birth or marriage, for which, on raising my eyes to a placard above, I discovered it to be the office. Directed to another branch of the Mairie over the way, was placidly informed by the presiding genius, that 24 hours must lapse ere the usual formalities for granting a *provisional* passport, which he purposed giving me in temporary exchange for mine own, could be completed; and that a necessary preliminary to those, was the *visé* of the English consul, to this latter. This *visé*, however, I mentally resolved, should alone serve me; determining to retain *my own* passport, and with it, so backed, challenge obstruction; a course I may safely advise others to follow, never having even been asked to show it once again, en route, until required to obtain my permit *d'embarquement* at Boulogne; and then not a remark raised. *Cela fini*, our coachman drove us through a third of Marseilles, at least, ere he could find the bankers wanted, he, the coachman, being a thorough fool, and manifestly utterly deficient in the organ of "locality." At length, the custom house reached,

we proceeded to clear our traps, which, as usual, had been transmitted thither *direct* from the vessel: five francs between us, quickly reclosed each portmanteau, and we actually after all, succeeded in reaching the Station (a considerable trot, too, from the Douane), in good time. The railway carriages are very comfortable, and line well managed. There is a tunnel, not far from Marseilles, of surprising length; I did not learn what, but should say, exceeding our longest—we occupied several minutes in passing through it.

Sleeping at Avignon, at the "Hotel du Palais National," where the entertainment is excellent, we started, at 9 a.m. next morning, for Valence, reaching it, after a weary ride, though through a tolerably pretty country, at 10 p.m. only, with the addition, in my own case, of a pain in the neck, resulting in a nasty cold and cough, and caused by a cracked window, in the *coupé* of our vehicle.

Tired and disgusted, we were quite ready to put faith in our conductor's assurance that we should be well enough lodged for one night, at the hotel where the diligence itself stopped, yclept, I believe, "De Poste;" and accordingly, so decided; whereupon, our joint traps were seized, in detail, by some ten fellows who were lounging about—stop, I'm wrong, there were but "nine," that being the number of our joint packages—who couldn't, or would not, understand, that having thus insisted on dividing the labour of transit, we must naturally insist on a similar division of its product; and eventually, proposed forcible ejectment from room and passage, being the only successful resort.

This part of our reception over, we had time to survey the premises, or such portions as were allotted to us. My friends having a double-bedded dormitory were, though wretchedly off, comparatively comfortable. My own beggars description: somewhat akin to my den at Adelsburg. 'Twas but a foot higher than myself, 6 feet 10 inches to wit—the floor utterly bare, and as utterly filthy—not even a single chair or table in the room—one little cracked basin for ablutionary purposes was placed on a chest of drawers, the said drawers belonging to no definable century. A suspicious-looking bed, possessed *pour tout potage* in the way of head-gear, an attenuated-looking bolster, tapering at each end, and resembling a dropsical rolling pin or elongated roll-pudding; and I was positively looked upon by a creature who answered my *fourth*, first successful, and naturally angry, pull at the bell, as a most exacting fellow, for soliciting the favour of *one* pillow at least; added to that, of a couple of chairs; a spare bed in the corner being supposed to supply, and evidently having hitherto supplied, their place. Add to all this, the wretched flicker of a tallow dip, and an almost overpowering smell of *ammonia*, and you have a *literal*, and not even fractionally exaggerated, description of this haven of rest, after being cooped up for thirteen hours *en diligence*.

We had, rashly, ordered "Tea" on first arrival, ere penetrating the mysteries of the establishment, and still therefore ignorant of the style of place we had fallen into; accordingly, *en descendant* to partake of it, I was accosted by the Hostess, or her representative, (a

downright hag,) with the pleasing enquiry as to whether "we had brought our own tea!" We had not. Well, then, she would try and find some, which she eventually did, but in the shape of at most four teaspoons full, the which, in order to make them look more, had been scattered over the surface of a white plate; heralded, to boot, by the hag's positive assurance that, though apparently little in quantity, it was dry and strong in quality, its virtues being concentrated—a regular case of *multum in parvo*, in fact; and this she herself evidently not only believed, but expected us to do.

The effect of considerable pleading, on our part, was the production of perhaps as much more, with which, *faute de mieux*, we proceeded to brew, the water for the purpose being brought in a tin shaving pot, and the result resembling a decoction of gentian.

Rising, after this convivial evening and delightful lodging, at the cheerful and cheering hour of *four a.m.* ("the month, December"), we issued forth into outer darkness, enlivened by a piercing wind, to make our way to the steamer, which was to start at five a.m. for Lyons, and which was lying about half a mile distant. This agreeable walk over—selves on board—and our traps (no easy matter in utter darkness, there not being even a single light on deck), ascertained to be so likewise—I dived downwards to the Saloon (so called) —a small, ill-furnished hole, literally *crammed* with people—a blazing fire *au milieu*, and every vent for air carefully shut up—suffocating, in fact, to a fresh comer, the thermometer being, *au moins*, at 110—perhaps 120—whilst a few steps above it was under 30; an alternation, certainly exceeding anything suffered in the Arctic ships! There was nothing for it but braving the latter, and briskly walking; which I did, with the additional solace of an excellent cigar (one of a lot I had bought at Rome, at Torlonia's), for some two hours, though on as filthy and wretched a deck as I ever trod; in fact, nothing could exceed the general prevalence of dirt all over the steamer: the said deck being, by the way, composed of iron plates, and very slippery, therefore, to "boot."

Well warmed *enfin*, and feeling as jolly as the unpropitious state of "generalities" would allow, I was about descending again into the quondam hot-house, now ventilated somewhat, when a careless lubber upset a bucket of water over my legs, thoroughly drenching the one—pleasant, under the circumstances!—and natural disgust, augmented by observing the wretched perpetrator of the deed grinning o'er it, with another sailor, in lieu of at least putting on a decent *appearance* of regret; nor could I help approaching, taking him by the shoulders, and, with a hearty shake, promising to give him a thorough ducking in the Rhone, in return for the partial one I had received, if he didn't display more outward sympathy at least. This *mésaventure* cost me another long walk to get dry again. The day, raw and miserable from its commencement, ended in a fog, which (though it was generally declared, by the "natives" on board, needlessly) caused our Captain to stop at some little place, about seven miles short of, in lieu of proceeding to, Lyons, but at which there was, fortunately, a small station on the St. Etienne and Lyons Rail-

way, a train having, however, as unfortunately, just passed, and there not being another for three hours; during which, after considerable trouble and some expense in getting our traps on shore, we paraded up and down the *façade* of the small station in question, on one of the hard benches in which I at length fell asleep, being roused by one of my friends just a few minutes before the train was expected, to see about the transportation of our luggage to the proper place outside, for its being taken up, he being unable to speak French, and arrange it. On enquiry, I found that *porters* were unknown articles there, it being, they said, a petty place, only frequented by peasants, who did their own porterage, an example we also must follow or leave the traps. We shouldered them accordingly, and a regular trot had we, there being but a couple of minutes to spare, and the usual place for depositing going luggage being some 150 yards off, hard by the spot where the engine was usually brought up, the van being next to it, and not astern, as usually with us.

At the Lyons Station, in lieu of distributing the baggage then and there, it is spirited off, *en masse*, to the Place de Belle Cour, a considerable distance, whither, *nolens volens*, you must follow and secure it. Thence, tempted by the assurance of a small Commissioner, that it faced the river, and not only so, but the very spot where lay the "Chalons" Boat, on which we were to embark next morning early, we proceeded *en voiture* again, to a so-called *Hotel!* "L'Hirondelle" by name, which proved, on descent and inspection, to be a regular pot-house, and whence, the *genii loci* having actually unladen the vehicle during our momentary *entrée*, the greatest firmness alone extricated us, and procured the re-lading; so pertinacious, pressing, and at last insolent, did they become. Very fortunately for his skin, the imp who had inveigled us had prudently vanished on seeing the turn affairs were taking.

Horridly jaded and disgusted, *nous voilà enfin logés*, though at 10½ p.m. only, at the "Parc," neither of the trio moving or awaking until the same hour *a.m.* next morning. A wretched morning it was, too—the vilest November day ever darkening the spirits and atmosphere of fog-infested London never exceeding this one in abomination. Fog, drizzle, gloom above—mud in abundance below.

We felt our way about the Museum Courts, and those of the Hotel de Ville, the tower of which, in the vain hope of *getting over* the nuisance, we ascended, through and up a series of narrow and devious passages and flights. Just saw the famous Clock in the Cathedral—strolled about the spacious "*Place* de Belle Cour—admired the fine Statue of Louis Quatorze—and Theatre (Opera) being closed, amused ourselves in the evening in a *Café*; having, by the way, previously secured places direct to Paris for "*thirty* francs" only each, by some new "*Enterprise*"—started in opposition to the old ones—which was to convey us by steam to Chalons, thence by diligence (and in its *coupé*) to Tonnerre, and on by rail (second class) to Paris: wonderfully cheap for so long a distance. (The rail has since been completed throughout.) Densely foggy was the morning again; and no small difficulty had we in discovering the particular steamer

that was to convey us, there being several. Despite fog, albeit, we started, about 8 a.m., and, what is more, continued our course throughout, though the river's banks, even, were frequently hardly visible; eventually reaching Chalons at 6 p.m., though after a miserable day—the wind having been piercing throughout, as well as dead a-head—the frost hard—the gloom, as described, intense—and the steamer shaking worse than any palsied octogenarian—one's very food dancing on the plates, when attempting a meal—the charge for the said food being a perfect extortion. This was also the case in coming from Valence to Lyons.

At Chalons, we found our diligence, duly waiting—that it possessed a *coupé*, and that *coupé* ours for the night; but it was literally what its name indicates—"cut off," and "cut off" too from the main body so sparingly, as to leave a sair small space for disporting the legs, (a sad bore to one of my friends, who stood 6 feet 2 inches, shoeless,) the back being as straight as a house wall, unstuffed, and consequently nearly as hard; in fact, the most contracted, and generally comfortless one, I had ever been caged in.

Eighteen hours' penance, including a compulsory fast from 7½ p.m. till 2 p.m. next day, brought us to Tonnerre, at that hour, whence, the above fast duly broken, we started at 3 p.m. for Paris, where we were safely deposited at Meurice's Hotel, about 7 p.m., after a wearisome, troublesome, and unpleasant trip, from Avignon; throughout, the last 38 hours of it, from Lyons to wit, being taken at a stretch.

Paris, as well as the whole route through France, being known to me of yore, I, on this occasion, and consequently, traversed the latter thus rapidly, and remained but three days in the former, just to renew old associations; the only, but never to be forgotten, novelty to me, being Versailles, which, strange to say, though I had twice visited the French capital, I had never seen.

Astonished and highly gratified was I, and justly proud may every Frenchman be, of the existence of so splendid a monument of the national glories, and national art. The Sculpture Galleries I was greatly struck with, and, among many a *chef d'œuvre*, particularly with a figure representing "Joan of Arc," the production of Louis Philippe's daughter, Marie. No one, indeed, need go farther than Versailles, to see all that the chisel, directed by the purest modern taste and highest art, can produce. But, to describe "Versailles," after indulging only in a mere cursory notice of each or any of the many, so much more distant, and so much less known objects of interest that have come under my ken, would be supererogation indeed.

I found Paris, the same gay, joyous, cheerful, thoughtless-looking place as ever. Not a sign or trace of the great and varied changes, heavings, and impulses that had characterized, and doubtless always will, characterize it: nay, having, if changed at all, an air of greater prosperity and *nonchalance* than ever.

Parting here from my two friends, companions hither from

Civita Vecchia, I placed myself in the Boulogne train at 8 p.m. on the 12th, and reached there at 2 a.m.; but in lieu of at once crossing, as I might have, and is usually done, to Folkestone, went to bed at the Hotel des Bains, (a comfortable, but *very* expensive one,) in order to have a ramble next morning through my old haunts, in and about this refuge for the destitute—the scenes among which were passed three years of my boyhood; looking then precisely as of yore; and my recollection of every nook and corner as fresh as if the last week, in lieu of some 17 years, had alone intervened since my parading its streets in the ranks of B——'s scholars.

I had purposed leaving next day at 2½ p.m., but the usual steamer had failed to come in, so, of course, was not there to go out again; and, its expected arrival not having taken place even by 5 p.m., had prepared to stay another night, sadly disappointed, as I was overdue at home. *Me voilà*, therefore, comfortably seated at the *table d'hôte*, with an awful appetite, an excellent dinner *en table*, my fish just discussed, the first glass of an excellent bottle of claret ditto, when in rushed a messenger, kindly sent by the Steam Company's Agent, Mr. Barnard, (a most obliging person, and whom I had solicited to that effect,) to say that the vessel was that moment in, and would leave again in ten minutes at latest, so as to save the tide at Folkestone. A sigh, or haply two, (for there was, as I remarked, a noble dinner to part from,) a hurried swallowing of half my bottle of wine, a hasty closing of portmanteau and carpet-bag, still hastier trot down to the port, and I was on my way to England,—all within twenty minutes from the first time of asking.

My dinner being destined to end in smoke, I resolved that this smoke should, at any rate, be tobacco, so solicited a light to my cigar from some person, whom I observed in the enjoyment of one, hard by. The light thus applied extended itself to our conversational tinder also; and closer observation, confirmed by his voice and manner, convinced me that my smoking *ami* was one of our first comedians, as he proved to be; and a right pleasant chat I had with him, terminating only in the coffee room of the magnificent "Pavilion Hotel" at Folkestone, where we landed after a passage of but two hours and ten minutes; and where, I speak, at least, from personal experience, the greatest civility is shown in the matter of baggage examination, &c. The early Express Train for London landed me on the South Eastern Company's platform at London-bridge, about half-past 10 next morning; and by another shortly after from the Euston Station, was home again reached on the same afternoon, that of the 14th of December to wit, after an absence of just 10 weeks—during which, I had traversed a distance, more or less, of upwards of 4,000 miles! passed through Belgium (*via* Ostend and Brussels) to Cologne, and along the Rhine between Bonn and Mayence, to Frankfort; thence to Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, and Carlsruhe, on to Stuttgard, whence, *via* Ulm and Ausburg, Munich was reached; from Munich to Innspruck, Botzen, and Trient, thus traversing the Tyrol, to Verona and Venice;

crossing thence the Adriatic to Trieste, passed through Illyria as far as its capital, Laibach; returning, *via* Adelsburg and the same route, to Verona; thence to Milan, Como, and Genoa; across from the latter to Leghorn, Pisa, and Florence; downwards to Rome and Naples, whence, returning northward again to Marseilles, and traversing the extreme length of France by Avignon, Lyons, Paris, and Boulogne, *me voici encore* at home—no "idle" traveller certainly—having also, despite the great distance actually "travelled," found time to halt 2 days at Brussels, 2 at Frankfort, 1 at Baden, 1 at Carlsruhe, 1½ at Stuttgard, 4 at Munich, 1 at Innspruck, ½ a day at Verona, 4 days at Venice, 1 at Trieste, 1 at Laibach, 2 at Adelsburg, 4 at Milan and Como, 1 at Genoa, ½ a day at Pisa, 3 at Florence, 7 at Rome, 12 at Naples, 1 at Lyons, 3 at Paris, and 1 at Boulogne, (the above including day of arrival or departure,) besides a variety of minor halts, sufficient to see notabilities where coming in the way.

The total "necessary" expense of this trip, with most comfortable living, *ex*clusive, of course, of any extras in the way of purchases, but *in*clusive of all such in the way of "sight-seeings" of every kind, being but a trifle over 24s. a day, or a total of £85 sterling. Having thus an opportunity for a sterling "conclusion," at least, I will e'en adopt it; glad, indeed, shall I be, if any kind readers, whose patience has carried them thus far with me, say, with reference to the comparative worthiness of its antecedents,

"FINIS CORONAT OPUS."

POEMS.

POEMS.

AN INSTALLATION ODE,

Addressed to the Writer's Brother on taking his first step "Lawn-wards," in the shape of a Curacy.

So, so, my dear fellow, with pate full of knowledge,
At least, I suppose so, you've quitted your College;
Deep lore mathematical, thoroughly stiff in,
Though only imbibed by the aid of a "Griffin;" *
In classics an adept—with pleasure, a roamer,
'Mid the pathos of Virgil, the grandeur of Homer;
Famed Cicero's writings well able to scan,
Understanding their gist, and admiring the man;
In Horace's poems and satires, at home;
Up to Livy's account of the doings at Rome;
In fact, all anent the bright worthies, who burst on
The world, as it was, in the æra Augustan;
A Latinist finish'd!—and doubtless I speak
But a truth, when I add, a young Porson in Greek.
In divinity too, I would bet every stiver
I have, you've gone deep as a Singalese diver;
Indeed, into all, deem'd a *sine quâ non*
For the mind of each embryo clerical don,
Ere Episcopal hands set him up as a beacon
For wandering souls, under title of Deacon:
A title that, come, duly fed, from the rich field
Of Granta, you've got from the Bishop of Lichfield.
Ordain'd, as I hear, to the usual share
Of duty and pay, 'neath that "Clericus" rare,
By whose spiritual guidance the parish of Med-
-ley, for years (let us hope) has been heaven-ward led;

* The locally well-known Cambridge Mathematical Tutor, and orientally better-known term for expressing "*viridity*."

But who, zealous to make the way clearer appear,
Lights this extra torch, finding oil isn't dear,
As the market supplies it, for "sixty" per year;
Which, point out as it may, the *soul's* bread for the needy,
Shows scant *bodily* food to their Pastor, so seedy.
For how can a man meet his laundress's bill;
Keep his tailor in check; pay his Galen when ill;
Stand the trimmings and slop, at occasional treatings,
To sunday-school darlings, at temperance meetings;
"*Et hoc genus omne*"—a regular poor rate,
Society levies on every Curate?
How, I say, can he live in respectable lodgings,
Keeping all above "board," and eschewing all dodgings;
His share in each charity duly sustaining,
Th' *ex-officio* toggery strictly maintaining,
(For whate'er of his means, or his comforts, the clearance,
A parson *must* keep up a stated "appearance;")
And yet, after all, find a residue, able
To furnish *meat* viands, to garnish his table?
No, poor fellow, I fear one may almost defy him
To screw such from his scant three and threepence per diem:
A stipend, methinks, fairly giving a handle
To assert *que le jeu* (sooth) *n'en vaut pas la chandelle.*
When, from toil long and costly, a man forth must sally,
But to work like a *coolie*, whilst paid like a valet;
To his flock, notwithstanding, a practical sample,
How small worldly wealth for the righteous is ample;
And to e'en the most sceptical making it clear,
That their *Minister's* treasure, at least, isn't here!
Possessing small gear, save his beaver and cloth,
Which the rust *could* corrupt, or be food for the moth.
But (from great things to small,) faith, it seems t'other day
To that Suffolk Lane *Hades*, you first bent your way:
A name, by the bye, I've unblushingly started,
As once fairly inside, "spirits, surely, departed,"
That experience, at least, I now only reiterate,
Which an "eighteen" years' lapse hasn't served to obliterate.
When a vile system had it, that nought but the cane, oh!
Could keep a *mens sana in corpore sano;*

No discriminate use—but, whatever the ill,
With strong, weakly—quick, stupid—refractory, still—
'Twas the cure universal, like Holloway's pill.
I thrice caught it myself, for a scurvy affair,
The sole fault of old "Blank-name," of "you-know-what" Square.
When the *quartridge day* came, faith, he hadn't the stumpy
To send with his boarders; the masters got grumpy;
And, thrashing all round, told each victim impressively,
'Till forthcoming, he'd catch it, on each day successively!
'Twas a sad enough curse, by the sweat of his brow,
That man should find *means;* but sure all must allow,
That the curse was enhanced on this victimized band,
Thus expected to find them, by "*numbing*" the hand;
Nay, 'twould seem the Don's thought, whilst applying the stingers,
That the missing coin stuck to the poor devil's fingers.
Of this tyranny vile, I've a souvenir strongest,
Cum multis, such like, *quæ prescribere, long'est.*
So, "let's back to our mutton"—your reverend self,
Whom, this brief reminiscence has laid on the shelf.
Right well I recall, when, with hair rough as Orson's,
You paid, now and then, a short visit at Dawson's;
And the embryo Bishop, with rudeness unmeet,
By unsanctified hands, hurried into the street;
A *modus agendi*, ill fitting the scholar,
With pale phiz, neat blue suit, and no end of a collar.
Known, moreo'er, with a staid, precise matron to dwell,
And, *en lieu*, 'gainst whose "*comme il faut*" none could rebel:
"Doctors' Commons," 'twas nigh; and tho' many a wider street,
Few more quiet and *proper* than Little Knight Rider-street.
But, though famed and respected, the "*Commons*" outside,
In the good widow's house, they were sadly decried;
Dishes scanty, and *doubtful*, with condiments queer,
And a verdict "*Found Drowned*" often passed on the beer.
Indeed, oft, I believe, have the prying youths caught her,
In delicto flagrante, applying the water,
In proportions, 'twas said of three-fourths to a quarter—

A mixture, till used to it, really tremendous,
In effects, I should say, like those *Medicos* send us,
Whose prescriptions set forth, "*Haustus statim sumendus.*"
Meant, howe'er, in this case, as companion, 'tis said,
To bones, alum, and praties, *par excellence*, "*bread*;"
With cheese, which, to each, due resemblance maintains,
Being ancient, hard, musty, as fossil remains.
Like her malt, too, I fear, the dame's *motives* weren't pure,
For her own jug's contents, as deponents assure
Me, were left in the state they were sent by the brewer.
Such and such like recalling, 'twould verily seem
That the past, or the present, must needs be a dream;
Each event of your boyhood distinct to my sight,
As though passing before it, 'neath yesterday's light;
And, if needs, taxes fancy, to think the mere *garçon*
I quitted, is turn'd to an orthodox parson.
Ex cathedrâ, entitled, all hearers (and others),
On each Sabbath to style as his "dearly loved brothers;"
Whilst he warns them, of sin, to strike deep at the basis,
When moved by the Spirit, in sundry places,
If to no better things, to, at least, a confession
Of each manifold sin, or still deeper transgression;
Proceeding to add, if they'll truly repent,
That commandment is given, and power is lent,
To his reverend self, by divine institution,
To declare and pronounce to them free absolution.
Which seems, to my laymanish notions, at least,
Treading close on the heels of the Romanist priest,
Who only exceeds, by enjoying, *verbatim*,
From each penitent's lips, an account, *seriatim*,
Of sins great and small—of his fallen condition—
When he, also, and only, claims power of remission.
But, Tom, talking of "Rome," may it ne'er come to pass,—
(Though I'm far from the zealot, or bigoted ass,
Who admits but *one* way, and that one way *his own*,
For man's spirit, or offering, to reach heaven's throne;
But deem it a more Christian course to believe,
That a merciful God will *all* worship receive;

That He looks to the feeling, the soul, the desires,
Not the supplicant's *sect*, who, to reach it, aspires;
That the vows of Jew, Protestant, Moslem, Dissenter,
Or let whosoe'er breathe them, accepted will enter
The Great Being's presence—prove good in His sight—
If their innermost souls think them offered aright.
"Let but incense be *pure*, the whole heart in the prayer,
And he's bold who asserts that it *cannot* get there.")
Don't let's hear, my dear Tom, I was going to hope,
Of *your* formal secession from Bishop to Pope;
Of your yielding the pure, simple faith of your youth,
Unless heart and soul join in impugning its truth;
Without notion of adding more *pageant to piety*,
Not, as many fools have, for *the day's notoriety;*
Whom, that somewhat harsh *dictum* might, almost, be sent at,
"*Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*"
But if ever you should, urged by self or by Satan,
Renounce praying in English, for ditto in Latin;
Your worship dilute, one may even say, taint,
By o'erlooking the Saviour, to kneel to the saint;
Than *His* name, a poor mortal's, esteeming more dear,
When adoring, enshrining the "*Santa Maria;*"
Rejoicing in images, candles, and pictures—
In fastings on Fridays—in crossings—in strictures
On Heretics damned, (or some term as ungracious;
Because, not thinking prayers for the dead efficacious);
Who are fain to receive the assertion with laughter,
That wealth, "*as it then would,*" *can* profit *hereafter;*
That *post mortem* investments in *paters* and *mass*,
Can affect what we've done, whether *nefas* or *fas*.
Deeming *now* the sole time that's allotted to save
A man's soul—that "*now's*" limit, on *this* side the grave.
(Think, *en passant*, old boy, with *what sort* of a face, I
Could read, "*Ora pro animâ Bishop Tomasi.*")
If you *should*, I say, do it, at any rate pause
Till you can, though no gainer, at least add the clause,
That you've not, *ainsi dire*, "left a rose for a thistle,"
And like many a fool, "dearly paid for your whistle."

But, *jam satis*, forsooth, if to finish I fail,
With all speed, I shall miss the next Overland Mail;
So, I'll end, with true hope that the future unseen
May soon make you a Vicar (or Rector) and Dean;
Whilst, with virtue and wisdom, each state you adorn,
Till you crown your career, by obtaining "the lawn."
Extreme courses avoid, howe'er tempting their bribe is,
And, *in medio*, remember, *tutissimus ibis*.

TO MY WIFE, ON HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTH-DAY.

Eighteen—a truly tender age
To play one's part on life's rough stage;
And yet, e'en now, sweet girl! you claim
Both "wife's" and "mother's" sacred name.
The truth of one I daily prove,
In all your acts of woman's love;
The other, let who doubt it, can,
When they behold "the little man."
May each new year some good impart,
Some happier change, save in your heart;
That, dearest girl! may Time allow,
To stay as *pure* and fond as now:
Feeling as little pain or care,
As e'er can fall to mortal's share;
Until to heaven's own joys ascending,
You 'gin a "a birth-day" never ending.

In Camp, April 10th, 1847.

TO MARY ——, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Since many a friendly wish was breath'd
On your last natal day, my Mary;
Since hope and parents' love were wreath'd,
With prayers to Him above, to spare ye;
A year has pass'd—and with it brought
One of those milestones, then *before* ye,
On that sure road, which we are taught
Must lead to endless woe, or glory.

May God to many still grant birth;
Each, may you better love and fear Him:
And may you, when removed from earth,
Find a ne'er-ending birth-day near Him.

Nellore, Dec. 6, 1844.

THE TUGGS AT RAMSGATE.

Versified from Boz's Sketch.

Oh! know ye those regions of darkness and smut,
Where each sound that is pleasant for ever is mute;
Where "the Zephyr," exhausted with varied perfume,
Sighs through entry and alley, bemoaning its doom;
Where the dirt-begrimed streets and the smoke-laden sky,
Though scarce varied in colour, in beauty may vie;
Which, fat Amazons, wenches, and children combine,
With drunkards and gin-shops, to render divine:
Near the late London-bridge, in the county of Surrey,
Whence each sensitive nose *must* escape in a hurry?
But a truce to our gibes, and contemptuous shrugs,
"For 'twas here dwelt our hero, whose surname was Tuggs."

Mr. Tuggs had a wife,
(The pride of his life,)
And was blessed with a son and a daughter;
A grocer by trade—
And that retail, 'tis said;
Selling sundries by oz. and by quartern.

Man and wife, short and stout,
The dear girl thereabout:
They comfort, not symmetry, studied.
Not so, Mr. Simon,
Whom now I must rhyme on,
(Though, in truth, I'm a little bit worried.)

*** To the many who may possibly pronounce it a work of supererogation, to produce an already "good thing" in other shape soever; or to the still probably larger number who may deem that original to be thereby spoiled in addition; the Author has only to remark, as apology, that the piece was never originally intended to form part of his little volume (to which it has been added only while going through the press,) or, consequently, of the presumed equivalent for their two and sixpence. If, therefore, condemned as a supplement, he begs respectfully to suggest that, like that of "The *Times*," it is, at least, "Gratis."

Above business, the youth
Was romantic, forsooth;
And of sentiment oft had a fit, oh!
His visage was long;
His legs far from strong—
And the stories above, ditto, ditto.

One day, as 'mid teas,
Coffee, baccy, and cheese,
There, to each occupation, was ample:
See! a cab quickly stop—
A man enter the shop—
"Mr. Tuggs? Sir! I come from the Temple."

From the Temple! cried all,
Each with separate squall,
And with looks better fancied than painted;
All's right—no more fear—
He'd scarce said, when, oh, dear!
The pathetical Simon had fainted!

Bring water, said one—
Look up, my dear son!
Shrieked Tuggs—but his cries were unheeded:
Till at length his large eyes
Opened, filled with surprise,
While his lips stammered forth, "we've succeeded."

To a stranger, no doubt,
Such commotion and rout
Would appear, without rhyme, reason, or tune—
But a claim long disputed,
Was now declared "suited;"
And the Tuggs come possessed "of a fortune."

The shop was closed early,
And applicants surly,
For sundries—starch, pepper, or mustard;
Each unlucky wight,
On that ponderous night,
Was denied, tho' he knocked, kicked, and blustered.

Then said Simon's papa,
He must go to the "Bar,"
(As they in the back parlour consulted)—
To my name, said that scion,
I'll clap a C Y on,
And with S I no more be insulted.

To her offspring so fair,
Mrs. T. said, "Take care:
Mother's 'ma'—father's 'pa'—for the future."
Next exclaimed the fair daughter,
"Henceforth *I'm* Charl*otta*,"
(Such like folks one may meet with *à toute heure*.)

Vulgar ways and discourse,
Pa will leave off—*in* course;
A full mouth replied, "None o' your gammon—
I'll take care o' all that,"
Said Joe Tuggs as he sat,
With "a pocket knife," eating some salmon.

That all trade be suspended,
The question soon ended:
Its mere name, as discordant, they feel too;
And, nought to neglect, they
Would leave town directly:
"A precursor to all that's genteel too."

Well, but where shall we go?
Gravesend? "Oh, too low!"
All exclaimed, when "Pa" mildly suggested;
Said "Ma," without fuss,
Margate? Oh, worse and worse—
Why, the place is with "tradesfolks" infested.

Then those who to Brighton
Would go, must hold tight on—
And if killed, have themselves to reproach, man;
For each coach has, in turn,
Been upset, (though we learn
From the press) quite *sans faute* to the coachman.

[N.B. A lapse of two months supposed.]

A steamer was plying,
Its streamer was flying,
Its band playing (for what they can get)—
All was lively and gay,
And no wonder, you'll say,
For "the Tuggs" were on board her for Ramsgate.

Charming, arn't it, this scene?
In great coat bottle-green,
Exclaimed one to a youth standing near him:
"Soul-inspiring," oh, yes!
(Using any term less—
And a barrister! no one should hear him.)

A like remark, too,
A mid-aged gent, in blue
Coat, with ducks stoutly chained to his soles, sir;
Scarce made when our youth,
(For 'twas Cymon in truth)—
"No spot lovelier, sure, 'tween the Poles, sir."

Next the soldier-like gent,
(On such pathos intent,
And in tones, with deep deference blended)—
'Mid the beauties of nature,
You seem quite *au fait*, sir?
Cymon said that her charms never ended.

You've much travelled, I ween?
On the Continent been?
Replied Cymon—"Why, no—not exactly"—
In a qualified tone,
As if half-way he'd gone,
But not finished the business compactly.

You, sir, without loss
Of time, mean, of course—
That to make the "grand tour" he should set out.
Oh, *in* course, said Joe; yes—
(Quite unable to guess
How 'twas made—or if patents were yet out).

Oh! Walter, my dear,
Why so long sitting here,
Have you left me alone to be stared at?
See! those saucy young fops,
With cigars in their ch——s;
"The unfortunate culprits *he glared at.*"

The speech, above quoted,
Was made, be it noted,
To the gent in ducks, chains, and blue surtout;
By a damsel (alack!)
With long ringlets so black;
And sich eyes, as make wounds without cure to.

Now, Walter, *be* calm,
She exclaimed with alarm,
As, with clenched fists, the Captain was raging:
E'en as Iceland remote is,
So they 'neath your notice,
Urged Cymon—his fury assuaging.

The Captain relented—
"To spare them" consented;
Your thoughtful suggestion, in time, sir,
Said he (Cymon addressing,)
Was fraught with a blessing:
Its of homicide spared me the crime, sir.

Introductions, with grace,
Having all taken place,
The two famil'es soon became merry;
Walter's pride so relaxed,
As to prompt him, when a—ed,
To sit down to cold pie, with some sherry.

Mrs. Waters (*sans* quiz),
Viewing Cymon's long phiz,
And appearing to study the ninny,
Cried, Walter *do* see,
What's most striking to me,
The resemblance to Lord Carriwini.

Bless me! yes; he retorted—
Why who *could* have thought it?
Mr. Tuggs, you that fact may be proud of;
Charl*otta* likewise,
Was found out, with surprise,
Titled relatives, like to a crowd of.

Time, with laughter and jest,
They to kill, did their best:
Imperceptibly, therefore, it hobbled on—
The Tuggs' raptures were crown'd,
When "Ma" clearly was found,
Like the Dowager Duchess of Dobbleton.

To Ramsgate's gay pier,
When the vessel drew near,
Bye, bye, Charl*otte*—we'll often be meeting;
Hope so, dear, she replied—
Two puce boots climbed the side:
Two eyes gleamed—but their owner was fleeting.

His parents revered,
As towards landing they steered,
The too sensitive youth slowly followed;
The charmer was gone!
"He *indeed* felt alone!"
For, of love, a deep draught he had swallowed.

When on shore, with loud noise,
Fourteen men and six boys,
*V*ant a cab? screamed in chorus collected;
*V*ell, *at last*, here's my fare:
Glad you're come, I *de*clare;
Vy, your *'riwal* six *v*eeks I've *h*expected.

Cried another, by gad,
See this exq*v*isite prad,
A lamb's temper he's got, a'most risible;
But his paces, I guess,
Than a *h*ingin's be'ant less—
Making *h*objects from s*v*iftness in*v*isible.

When, from ten or a dozen,
Friend Joseph had chosen,
And the animal finished its dodgings
'Gainst starting—at length
It consented, its strength
To apply, towards a progress to lodgings.

They at several stopped,
In these and those popped—
Found at some sharps—at others, but ninnies;
Till a bed and a cell
Each, with parlour to dwell
In, they got for a weekly five guineas.

What fine *s*rimps these be,
Said old Joe when at tea,
The whole party were presently seated;
"*Sh*rimps," well-nigh shrieked the son,
(As though murder were done,
And all mercy were vainly entreated.)

Deary me—why this clatter?
Pray, what *can* it matter?
Urged Joe—but it acted as tinder;
Then, if "Ma" eats that way,
What the Captain would say,
We scarce knew—and oh! what would Belinda?

"Pretty woman," forsooth,
Said Miss T., when our youth
Warmly cried—"She's an angel of beauty!"
But Joe, winking, said, boy
Don't forget the alloy,
She's "protected"—and subject to "duty."

Why thus banter and taunt me—
With blighted hopes haunt me?
Is the *fact* not sufficiently racking?
For a candlestick small,
A dramatical call,
Sole was added—breath, words, or both, lacking.

Next morn, clear and mellow,
Each donned slippers yellow,
On the sands to appear in guise fitting—
'Mid the throng, gay and fair,
Here inhaling the air:
Some reading—some sewing—some knitting.

With Belinda and Walter,
(How Cymon *did* falter),
Friendly chat they were presently holding;
Bless my soul! exclaimed he
With his glass toward the sea,
Why, there's Thompson—and there, Mary Golding.

The Tuggs had, till then,
Been wond'ring that men
Could, with females, together be bathing;
That, too, in full sight—
But now, finding it right,
Passed it o'er as an every-day thing.

Said the Captain to-day,
If you've no plan, what say
You, at Pegwell's famed quarters to lunching?
Mrs. T. hadn't one—
So 'twas carried *nem. con.*:
(She the spot quite ignored, but loved munching.)

As they argued, the way
Best to get there—a "chay"
Was by Joseph most promptly suggested;
"*Chaise*," scarce whispered his son,
Well, then, two, 'stead of one,
Replied Joe—who in ignorance rested.

Mrs. Tuggs, you and I,
Then can ride in a fly—
Said the Captain—on donkies the ladies;
If we do, Mr. Cymon
Another must climb on—
Urged his spouse—or the bargain not made is.

Hesitation, excuse,
The poor devil, of use
Found no sort, with the fair one, unheeding:
So three straight were engaged
From a man, who them waged
To be "corn" one part, t'other three "breeding."

Stop, stop! scream'd Mrs. Waters,
When Cymon's had caught her's,
Breaking each into quickest of paces;
But spite, "Way-way, woo-wo,"
They still onward *would* go,
Till themselves chose to finish the races.

The one Cymon bestrode,
Not half liking the mode
In which he was tugg'd at, and finding
A rough wall, express'd,
That he found it no jest,
By there sidling, and Cymon's leg grinding.

Then Belinda's *would* wedge
Itself, firm, in a hedge,
Moved by spirit of playfulness charming;
Whilst Charlotta's game brute,
Though not following suit,
Kick'd *in modo* agile, but alarming.

The three, once more all right:
"What a beautiful sight!"
The fair murmurs: a sigh the youth smothers:
Doubled!—though with assent,
As towards him she leant,
Softly saying, "Alas! I'm another's!"

"Oh, had I *not* been—
Had I earlier seen—
Had but destiny proved more propitious—
Had a fine noble youth—
Kindred soul—full of truth—"
"*Can* it be?" gasp'd out Cymon, "Delicious!"

Such excitement and fire
E'en the ass did inspire;
The inn door, it, (the Party's fear raising)
Pitched him at, o'er its head:
Is he hurt!—is he dead!—
He was grazed—and the animal grazing.

Their joint nerves though to steady
A nice lunch was ready,
Shrimps, pale ale, dabs of butter, loaves crusty;
All was merry and gay,
Till to Ramsgate, away
Once again, on their steeds (scarcely) "trusty."

Not to risk being prosy
Or make reader dose-y,
We'll imagine six weeks have passed o'er;
While with Rooms—Pier—and Raffle—
Sands—Donkies—to baffle
Ennui; they it managed to cast o'er.

The calm sea kisses lightly
The shore—whilst all brightly
Beamed "Luna"—reflection nought hinders;
The *world* were all gone,
Save two figures alone;
This, was Cymon's—and that, was Belinda's.

Walter comes back to-morrow,
In tones full of sorrow,
Whispered she—yet this week's calm endearment
Is almost too much!
Cymon *thought* it, 'stead such
To the Ideal a "little" too near went.

E'en, from this, now, for ever,
Alas! we must sever!
Say not so! urged th' excitable Cymon;
Such Platonic affection
Can ne'er fear detection!
To *such* love, could they ever tack crime on?

Ah! you little know Walter.
E'en death and a halter
In prospect, revenge couldn't baulk in
His jealousy mad!
At this juncture they had
Reached the house; said the servant "Pray walk in."

He paused—and was lost;
(That last "squeeze"—*what* it cost!)
He *did* so: their adieus were "still ending,"
When a loud double knock
Caused the pair a sad shock,
With a chorus of voices ascending.

Cried she, with fixed stare,
"That's my husband!"—"And there
Are my relatives too!" in tones frantic
Exclaimed he—while uncertain—
"The curtain—the curtain"
Gasped she, with a gesture romantic.

"Why so?" faltered the youth,
"I've done nothing, in truth!"
"You'll be murdered!" shrieked she—'twas too fearful!
He was scarcely concealed:
The door ope'd—and revealed
The whole party, with looks gay and cheerful.

After Joe, wife, and daughter,
A Lieutenant Slaughter
Made his bow—and was duly presented.
Heels heavy—voice gruff—
Clanking sword—Ah, enough!
Cymon heard—he was well-nigh demented.

Cigars, water and brandy,
With trimmings all handy,
Didn't help the poor wretch to make light of it;
For as each was brought out,
He no longer could doubt,
They were bent upon making a night of it.

Now, if mere *smell* of smoking
Sensations of choking
Produced in poor Cymon, how *tainted*
Soon grew all the air,
And how painful to bear,
May be better imagined than painted.

Room small and confined,
Soon the curtains behind
Wreaths of smoke forced, their presence intruding;
Nose, mouth, breath, in sad pain,
Cymon held, but in vain,
A "short cough" he's no means of eluding.

Bless my soul! said the Captain,
Our own pleasure wrapt in,
We the ladies forget! You were coughing?
Dear, no; replied they.
Lor! why how *can* you say
So? Fit second poor Cymon was off in.

Well, it *must* now be so,
Quoth the Captain; and Joe
That "'twas sing'ler," allowed in tone serious;
Whilst Slaughter, though mum,
Made a point, with his thumb,
Toward the window, with gesture mysterious.

Cried the Captain, "Your meaning?"
But Slaughter, the screening
Chintz drew back—the answer was ample:
Cymon's phiz met his view,
Ghastly, pallid, and blue;
Of his fears and late efforts a sample.

"Your sabre! his life!"
Roar'd the Captain—whose wife
"Mercy!" shriek'd (appeal strong, though laconic);
Mrs. Tuggs scream'd out murder
(None heeded or heard her);
Cymon murmur'd out faintly "Platonic."

Hostile message, or action,
Must end the transaction,—
Wounded honour the Captain *must* bind up,
Till ('twas all Joe then heeded,)
Matters, Slaughter *succeeded*
In a less public manner to wind up.

'Spite their care and desire,
Though the thing *did* transpire,
Cymon found out, too late, how he'd blunder'd!
The case (briefly) stood thus:
The bold Captain was *plus*,
And Joe *minus*, just pounds fifteen hundred!

REFLECTIONS

Which suggested themselves during a Voyage to India.

Farewell to the land which my infancy cradled,
The home of my fathers, the home of my heart;
Now I've left thee, I wonder I e'er was enabled
From the scenes of my childhood so widely to part.

Fairer scenes, they may woo us, and dazzle the senses;
Art and nature unite, still more sweetly to glow;
But they lack the bright ray which all beauty enhances,
And the "feelings of childhood" alone can bestow.

In the bloom of my youth, full of health, I now leave thee;
Yet, how fleeting a space, these perchance, may remain;
And conscious, an instant, of all might bereave me,
The thought *will* arise—"Shall I see thee again?"

But, dearer than that, the fair land which they dwell in,
From those who have reared me, I'm fated to rove:
Whose engrossing affection surpasses all telling,
Whom Heaven itself has enjoined us to love.

Oh! what gem half so bright as the glance of a father,
The tenderness stampt on a fond mother's brow?
Oh! what numberless blessings around us they gather,
Sadly sighing, I ponder—"Ah, where are they *now?*"

Whilst the heart sadly answers—Alas! you're divided,
From all that for you earth holds dearest and best;
The deep sigh freely gushes—the tear flows unchided,
And the gloom of my sorrow still haunts me in rest.

Full many are they whom this heart has to grieve for;
Relations most valued, and friends most sincere;
All their love to repay I desire most to live for;
But for long—oh, *too long*—does our parting appear.

We cannot e'en say what may hap on the morrow,
Much less can a *decade's* horizon be seen;
Some with smiles, I may find—some, o'ershadowed by sorrow—
Some scattered—and some, with the things that *have* been.

Forebodings like these *must* pervade the lone roamer,
Nature's voice *will* have vent, nor her sighs brook controul;
But that "Heaven-born spark" brightly beams o'er the moaner,
And "hope" lights her beacon, to gladden his soul.

Oft, at night, as I've gazed on the moon-litten ocean,
And bent o'er each wave as it onwardly bore;
Oh! how eased the stern sense of each lonely emotion,
Whilst softly She whispered of mercies in store.

Yet, still we *must* weep, unless memory fail us,
O'er all the sweet souvenirs borne on her tide;
Every thought with some loved one, we know to bewail us,
With each one, some happiest moment, allied.

None, like exiles from home, can so truly remember
Each look—each event—each minutest address—
Each summer day's roving—each joy of December—
How he lingers o'er such, must each exile confess.

Some tell me my prospects are bright and unclouded—
That shades—not *obscures*—the too obvious truth.
They talk of new friendships, in happiness shrouded,
Yet, what *can* they be, to the friends of my youth?

Such truths, as they struck me, my soul would fain know it,
What 'twas, I *expected*, so much to repay;
And, till then, I ne'er owned those sad words of "the Poet:"
"This world gives no joy like it taketh away."

Oh! ye shores, ever famed as the shrine of all treasure,
Which, of yore e'en, oft tempted the conqueror's grasp;
Much, indeed, do ye owe me, for many a pleasure
And fond wish foregone, your fair "vision" to clasp.

Yet, no—'twould be vain e'en to *hope* for such power,
Too heavy the task, all I've lost to repay;
O'er his "Home," let kind Heaven its blessings but shower,
"*That*" will cheer up and lighten the exile's lone way.

"At Sea," November, 1839.

In reply to some Lines accompanying

THE GIFT OF A POCKET COMPASS,

Before quitting Europe.

Your emblematic parting gift,
As friendship's pledge is dearly prized;
A cherished proof, now only left
As balm for part I've sacrificed.

Toward home it points—and, as you said,
Its gestures mute the feelings warm;
Yet, *can* my thoughts e'er need its aid,
While hearts like yours a loadstone form?

Ah, no—believe me, though I own
The emblem's fitness and its truth;
Childhood has in my bosom sown,
No "passing" love for scenes of youth.

Still, though my soul's most cherished hope
Be once again those scenes to view;
Their power must boast a far less scope,
If not enhanced by friends like you.

September, 1839.

A METRICAL EXPOSITION OF THE "VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES."

Omitting such Practical Exemplifications as Johnson and Juvenal have made use of.

"Te maris et terræ numeroque carentis arenæ,
Mensorem cohibet, Archyta,
Pulveris exigui prope littus parva Matinum
Munera."——ODE TO ARCHYTAS.

Look through those studies which engross the mind,
And furnish food for thought to half mankind:
Observe each science too, and varied arts,
Which man to man, by toil, or skill, imparts:
Still, in the teeming catalogue you'll scan,
Nothing so deep, so intricate, as man.
Man, made the whole Creation to control;
Man, wondrous man, to crown the mighty whole;
The noblest thing come from his Maker's hands;
The only one forgetting his commands.
Hung pendant, as it were, in trial's state,
Though a free agent, seeming food for fate;
Propelling, and propelled, to rise or fall,
Chief in dominion, subject still to all:
Endowed with sense—create by heavenly breath—
Born for Eternity, though doomed to Death—
Yet the poor worm forgets from whence he sprang;
On whom his life, his health, his all, must hang.
'Twould seem, *this* world, did bound his soul's desire,
That better thoughts, beneath its spell, expire:
All purer feelings are, as bound in chains;
The only free one, worldly lust, remains:
Its magic influence hides death's forky sting,
Nor, can the waiting grave reflection bring;
His passions close the yawning gulf of Hell,
And worldly gains 'gainst Heaven's rewards prevail.
The utter nothingness of all below—
The blighted stream, whereinto all must flow:

What empty vanities our thoughts engage,
Not only choke up History's warning page,
But sad examples, daily swell the ranks—
Types of this world's devoted—and, *its thanks.*
The ardent seekers after wisdom's lore,
Have but too oft, past ardour to deplore;
The dust composed, forgets the clay that binds,
And fixes limits to their struggling minds;
Knowledge attained, but serves t' inflame desire,
Of deeper insight—feeds th' insatiate fire;
Regret, and conscious folly, come at last,
To close, as 'twere, the feeder's vain repast.
"'Tis but to know, how little can be known,
"To see all others' faults, and feel our own."*
Mark, the weighed sentiments, of heaven's endowed,
David's great son, to whom the wisest bowed;
He said, and felt, that wisdom's wished increase,
Fanned sorrow's flame, and dimmed the gem of peace.
Adam, for knowledge, did our souls devour,
His children's *wisdom* piled up Babel's tower:
'Twas *wisdom*, hurried Socrates to death:
'Twas (fancied) wisdom poured out Cato's breath.
Or view we those, whose bosom wish and pride,
Is to be statesmen, Nation's reins to guide:
Mark the dark draught, *at least*, the bitter sip,
Of him who quaffs, or who but wets the lip;
Th' ingredients aught but easy to attain,
Their product, nought but emptiness, as gain.
Turn o'er the page of Richelieu's bright career,
How bright, (though falsely bright,) does all appear;
Each leaf, more brilliant, with his power and sway,
The Monarch learnt the subject to obey.
Yet, when the inner man we come to view,
What see we there? a grievous scene—but true;
Dread of his foes—suspicion of his friends—
On every act dark restlessness attends;
Not his, that love which, sole, can serve to bind
The ruler to the ruled, man to mankind;

* Pope.

Wide was the gulf, and different far the state,
'Tween Richelieu, happy, and 'tween Richelieu, great.
Or say, to Becket, what did greatness boot?
What fruit then culled *he*, from so sought a root?
Had his life's stream, its *natural course* but ran,
He had lived happier—died, a *better* man.
Mark next, what end attains the hankering soul,
That burns for sway, whole nations to control.
What joy imparts the treasure long pursued;
Is it with gifts of happiness endued?
Frail man thinks "yes," but records sad say "no,"
And the false phantom, in true colours shew.
France's Fourth Henry, justly, truly, famed,
'Mongst history's brightest *meteors* to be named;
Scarce tasted that, for which most mortals lust,
One envious blow—the demi-god was dust!
What booted German Charles, his boundless might?
What found he, all his ardour to requite?
This longed-for, precious, all-engrossing, sway,
The toil of years, rejected in a day.—
Let Cromwell's end, another proof afford,
With joys how *lasting*, power and rule are stored—
His soul's desire, his chiefest aim in life,
When reached, with harrowing, anxious, care was rife.
How fondly, too, is long existence sought,
As though with every joy and good 'twere fraught.
What proof of this, gives Priam's too sad tale?
What sorrows did it, on *his* head, entail?
Child after child, the deadly call attend;
He lost his all—then met his dreary end.
The cheated victim of protracted years,
Of vital breath, a sharer, scarce appears;
His palsied frame, half-closed and useless eye,
Each once known pleasure, each fond joy deny;
For breath with panting, heaving, breast he strives,
His pains alone remind him that he lives.
Next view we *one* of woman's scheming hopes,
Beauty so vain, for which, with *all*, she copes;

Age is forgotten—wrinkles daubed with red—
Its presence wanting, other good seems fled.
And after all, when in full bloom possest,
When youth and health afford a double zest,
What fruits accrue? Let us again return
To History's record—see what thence we learn.
Her distant page, th' eventful tale contains
Of beauteous Helen, holding kings in chains.
Or later look, and see "the Scottish Queen,"
What numerous ills, in beauty's train, convene.
Th' insatiate Henry strove its smiles to win,
We know how near was death to lust akin;
Transient at best our joys—few free from pain—
This most—nay, least too—of the fleeting train;
"E'en as keen time corrupts the painted clay,
"So beauty, like all else, will fade away."
Again, some pant with literary fame,
Their minds to flatter, and to gild their name;
A falsely-coloured wish, though 'mongst the few,
Of those excelling somewhat, mortal hue.
Its fruit scarce ripens while the planter lives,
And seldom half th' expected savour gives.
E'en to the core, pierced by the critic's dart,
The worm creeps in—thence to the author's heart—
Fated to see his fancied "fruitful" seeds,
'Stead Fame's wished harvest, yielding blighted weeds.
Of Dryden's great opponent, what the lot?
What fruits of courted fame were those *he* got?
How lived th' illustrious Thompson? What *his* end?
Did vast renown th' ill-fated bard befriend?
Our late, lost Byron, shared the common fate—
Was soured by critics—prey to envious hate.
What gain, too, is it, if we *reach* the goal
Of fame immortal—does it save the soul?
Will earthly praises e'en extend to heaven,
And sins 'gainst God, through *them*, e'er be forgiven?
Will not the famous bard, and nameless clown,
Together quail beneath th' Eternal's frown?

Is it for strength the mortal dreamer seeks—
Health in his frame, and youth stampt on his cheeks?
Let him remember, with how slight a blow,
His youth, his health, his strength, are all laid low.
The blinded votaries in pleasure's train—
Who all forsake, still hoping all to gain:
Who, plunging madly in its eddying stream,
Vainly await the soul-contenting beam—
Find drowning waters, and o'erclouded mind,
With nothing left, but cloyed disgust, behind.
One sample more, the subject to conclude,
Of those false dreams, which mortal minds delude;
For, did I wish, the *each* one to unmask,
Mem'ry would fail, and endless be the task.
Of wealth I speak, whose ever ardent fire
Kindles our earthly clay with fierce desire.
Is toil e'er thought of when *its* vision's nigh?
Does aught foregone, e'en cause the breast a sigh?
The golden phantom steels the heart 'gainst all:
A moment absent—hopes and courage fall.
When the dear, life-sought, treasure is possest,
For which are bartered youth, health, pleasure, rest—
When to our longing breast we clasp the prize,
Does e'en *one* feeling that we hoped arise?
Does it e'er purchase lovely peace of mind?
Do golden wings leave care and pain behind?
Past gain, too oft, with avarice unites,
And to fresh toil the yielding fool incites;
Whilst the spoiled child of wealth, with ease procured,
To squander, waste, e'en want, too oft is lured.
Too well, I fear, for each *thus* render'd "glad,"
A hundred others pay the tribute sad.
When in the languor of a slow disease;
When mind and body vainly look for ease;
When a few fleeting years have carried man
Down time's swift stream, through this his mortal span;
This glowing Spring, his manly Summer's strength,
To sober Autumn having changed at length,

And that, while *earth* does yet his thoughts engage,
Into the pale, concluding Winter of old age;
Then, *then*, if not before, he 'gins to know,
The empty vanity of all below;
Distinction, greatness, fame, till then so sought,
Grow old, like him: their worth no longer aught.
As day, with penetrating envious light,
Divests the theatre of what once seemed bright;
Each actor, spoiled of gay or gaudy dress;
Th' enticing fairy scene, now lustreless;
So does old age expose the borrow'd gleam,
Which, e'en till then, pervading life did seem:
Tells how (when hurrying to th' impatient grave),
His better man had been a willing slave;
His cherished hopes, his wishes fond and fair,
Like empty bubbles, vanish into air.
His spirit cows beneath the stinging truth
Of wasted manhood, and chimeric youth:
In true and vivid colours then is seen,
The *thing* he is, and what he *might* have been:
The solid good, his spirit *should* have clasp'd;
The painted butterfly his mind *has* grasp'd.
Occasions, erst despised, he then would buy,
At price unspeakable—" but death is nigh."
The victim of earth's good, and worldly lust,
With feelings such as these *must* sink to dust.
With that same love, this knowing, we abound,
As though but sunken samples, *few* were found;
Still with like vanities our spirits burn,
Nor seems our mortal nature fit to learn,

Οτι μονοις, ω, γιγνεται,
Θεοισι γηρας, ωδε, χαθανειν ποτε;
Τα δ' αλλα, συγχει, παντο παγχρατης χρονος,
Φι ει μεν ισχυς γης, φινει δε σωματος.

Ed. Col.

"That to the gods alone, old age is not contingent, neither at any time, to die; but all-powerful Time sweeps away all else in its course; the strength of the earth, indeed, decreaseth, and that of the body, decayeth."

Haileybury College, 1838.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNGER BROTHER ON ENTERING "LIFE."

A time in your life so important has come,
That I, as a senior brother,*
Wish to give some advice, but I soon shall have done,
As your patience I wish not to bother.

The time I refer to, you doubtless will see,
Is that when school's torments you quitted;
And I strongly imagine, far wrong I shan't be,
To say those who still staid there you pitied.

Shall I tell you your thoughts? Yes; at least I will try;
I can cite them as if an eye-witness;
How happy you felt when you last said good bye
To your Domine's barbarous strictness.

You thought, now I've done with each lesson and task,
Nor with such shall again be tormented;
And now, my dear fellow, permit me to ask
If you've never a little repented?

You, then, in your fancy, escaped from *all* pain;
No more fear of a scolding or caning;
Most fully believing you'd *pass'd* through the rain,
With nothing but sunshine remaining.

You exultingly smiled at that saying of old,
Showing forth school-boy days as life's brightest;
Nor had each friend, as such, his "experience" told,
Could you give it of credence the slightest.

Oh! William, I fancy I've written aright;
By proof only *my* pen has been guided;
For such were my feelings, and such my delight,
And I, so, the old saying derided.

But scarce a few months had pass'd over the head
That fancied its troubles were ended,
Than, had I been asked, I had instantly said
That I much the old saying commended.

* Precocious haply, the Writer being then only in his own 17th year.

But enough: you have left, and your journey began
On the rough, hilly, high road of life,
With but very few years between you and "a man,"
With but few ere you mix in its strife.

You'll find many stones and rough parts on the road,
You'll find many turnpikes to pay;
You'll oft fancy, of rest, to behold the abode,
But find it still farther away.

Haply too, when you halt, a bad inn you may find,
Or the host may attempt to deceive;
Or some friend on the road, with appearances kind,
Whilst you, e'en that he loves you, believe.

In fact, 'tis a series of pleasure and pain,
A succession of rough and of smooth,
Sometimes 'twill be cloudy, sometimes it will rain,
And sometimes the sunshine will soothe.

The promis'd advice I'll proceed now to give,
And which, as intended, I trust you'll receive.

Of superiors in knowledge learn all that you may;
To inferiors always be meek;
And what little you know ne'er be forward to say;
Your opinion, with modesty, speak.

Give justice to all, and you've nothing to fear,
In your sayings and doings, my brother;
To those who may wrong you, no malice e'er bear;
As yourself, so act unto another.

To avoid all contention and quarrelling strive;
In the end, such, no good e'er can bring;
Be the last to provoke, the first pardon to give;
Love your neighbours, and honour your king.

But, of all earthly cares, pray let that be the first
To repay all you can towards the debt
You owe those dear beings, your childhood who nurs'd;
May you never their kindness forget.

I have mention'd one road, 'tis the short one of life;
But your choice of two others you've given;
The one, large, leads to misery, darkness, and strife,
And, the smaller, to Christ and to heaven.

Those more able than I, to you, weekly, explain
Both your duty to God and to man;
Indeed, there for me little else can remain
But advise you to follow this plan.

Every morning and night offer up to your God
Your best thanks for his benefits past;
Well aware it but needs his omnipotent nod,
All your happiness ever to blast.

Humbly pray that his smile he may never withdraw;
Pray for aid of the Spirit so Holy;
(For, without it, poor mortals can ne'er keep his law;)
Wail past sins with a heart meek and lowly.

For, mark what I say, all your efforts are vain
In the business of life to succeed;
You'll find in the end nought but crosses and pain,
If you pray not in *heart* and in *deed*.

And should any trouble or evil befall,
Which to all of us certainly must,
'Tis the will of our Maker, pray always recall,
Thinking which, you will feel, it is just.

To conclude, my dear William, I earnestly hope
That from virtue's bright path you'll ne'er rove;
That with world, flesh, and devil, you'll zealously cope,
Glad your parents below and above.

And at last, when your wearisome journey is o'er,
When you've travell'd the time to you given,
I pray God that you may (volumes cannot say more)
Pass free the last gate into heaven.

Milan, 1836.

ON THE PARTING AND MEETING OF "FRIENDS."

When is it the eye is bedew'd by a tear,
And the face overclouded with grief,
When the heart heaves a sigh, all around us can hear,
And drives from the breast all relief?
When is it the tongue does its office refuse,
To the hand and the eye its voice lends,
When a fond *look* is all the farewell we can use?
'Tis the moment of parting with "friends."

The thoughts fondly recall all sweet intercourse past,
Then, revert to its rupture with sorrow;
Tell that, haply, the present may e'en prove the last;
And bitterly turn to the morrow.
Each knows, and each *feels*, they may ne'er meet again,
"An Almighty," death's summons may send;
A reflection enhancing the sadness and pain
We endure when we're leaving a "friend."

There's a time when the face is o'erspread with a smile,
And the heart all expectant and glad,
When we banish each sinister thought for awhile,
And know not what 'tis to be sad.
There's a time, when the tongue 'gainst the hand and the eye,
Which can show the most pleasure, contends;
With so happy a picture, what is it can vie,
But the moment of meeting with "friends."

Then how "joyous" each thought that recalls to the mind
Bygone days in sweet union spent;
Then, all bright—and the future, all hope—as we find
They have still to our fondness been lent.
The soul praises its God, who, in *mercy* divine,
Whether chastenings or blessings extends;
And has thus just vouchsafed 'mid the last to combine
That of *happily* meeting with "friends."

1835.

AN IMPARTIAL ESTIMATE

OF THE

MORAL AND POLITICAL CHARACTER

OF

CICERO.

AN IMPARTIAL ESTIMATE

OF THE

MORAL AND POLITICAL CHARACTER OF CICERO.

" Contempsi Catilinæ gladios, non tuos pertimescam."

IT is almost impossible to enter upon a discussion of the character of one so dear to every lover of the great and glorious, without the apprehension, either of a failure of adequate powers of eloquence, to do justice to her chosen; or, on the other hand, lest the sparkling torrent of encomium most due, should hurry past unheeded, into the rocks and caverns of oblivion, those few shadows, of a less brilliant hue, which justice must pourtray, darkling in the far back ground. Darkling, did I say? nay, there was nought e'en to darken: I have but to discuss weakness: and surely, in *mankind*, that, if unattended, merits not the sombre epithet.

But why should I thus speak with compunction, and, as it were, wish to gloss o'er failing so universal? Perfection's reign was short; and a momentary consideration of the surprising confusion in humanity, of wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, greatness and depravity, which are centred in the mass, and ofttimes reign in unison together, will instantly display the rare perfection that adorned the ROMAN.

Before, however, we attempt to descant upon his character, it will be well to glance at the state of the times in which he flourished.

They were times when every species of depravity stalked openly amongst the people; the most abandoned and licentious principles, unblamed by their pitifully subservient idolatry; intrigue, debauch, and crime, were unheeded, and even applauded; and acts the most revolting, were dignified with the appellation of virtues. The learned and wise were oft found amidst the throng; power and rule, were the idols of the great—the *summum bonum*—the one thing needful; and the gates of conscience, ne'er opened to a pang, at aught ruthlessly trodden on, in the path that led to them. The great Leviathan was soon to hurry down the precipice of dissolution, from the heights of prosperity she then occupied; her noblest energies corroded by the worm of luxury; illumed, albeit, by all those stars of science, which shed such lustre on the Augustan age.

Such was the theatre, such the scene, and such the characters, in and among which the " famed one" enacted his weighty and well-filled part.

This spoiled and pampered child was the cherished one of his bosom—the object of his every wish; whose welfare seemed to him

entitled to demand his soul's best energies; 'twas the great, the almost only object of his life. We may admire a Curtius, and wonder at the enthusiast's deed; the stern, relentless patriotism of a Brutus, may awe the feelings to respect; and the rushing tide of many a Roman's love of country in her need, cannot but furnish food for example. But here, we have one, whose brow is not stamped by the mark of one great act—whose spirit was not the seat of occasional and temporary fervour—the love of a moment—the transient glow, as of the lightning's flash; but whose springs of action, on the contrary, were purified by two important adjuncts, already coupled as such by a well-known author; they *were founded in great principles, and "supported by great virtues."*

'Twas the only pursuit which took not its source from his usual fountain, the desire of fame, and love of self-glory; and was unalloyed by motives that could lessen its native purity; although perchance, (for who can aver such with certainty,) the feeling *might* have been far less animating had he not held the conspicuous place he ever did, in its furtherance; and I dare not think, to judge from the general tenor of his conduct, that he would have been content to sink to be the lowest citizen, even provided that his country were thereby watered, nay, could only thus be so, by the springs of prosperity.

But it is, perhaps, unjust to enter upon discussions of what might have been under different circumstances, while so much really exists to delight us. We know the natural timidity of his character; we feel his love of life, (his share of which was abundant); we have seen the reckless spirit which was fostered in the great city; and, thinking on these circumstances, let us follow him into the theatre of one of the most glorious acts of his life. What was the subject of his earnest speech? What motive urged the excited spirit? Some self-involving spring must prompt the ready tongue! each breath seems stamped with soul! Is it some dearest interest that incites him? some coward foe he fears not thus to trample on? for, fearless, there he stands; and, timorous as he is, has surely naught to menace that heart's blood, which seems to flow as if it feared not safety!

No, says his grateful country; far other was the theme that stirred the Patriot's bosom. For me alone was drained that cup of zeal: nor was the danger small; 'twas no mean object furnished food for all the invective flood of fiery eloquence, thine ears have learnt to wonder at. 'Twas one, both powerful and base, with will and act alike steeped in enormity; aye, more, who, ready at his back, *omnes omnibus ex terris homines improbos audacesque collegerat.*

Here, were a thousand daggers sharpened by speech; the foul and purchased spirits of this choice band of profligates were then provoked to hatred and revenge; and, chief of all, the chief himself, whose plotting schemes were thus laid bare; whose every vice decried; whose very name, made like a blasted oak; and he became

"The wretch, abashed,
Self-betrayed Catiline."

Nor does this astounding love of country admit of the charge of springing from the wild heat of youth, or from a mind not yet well known to itself. An equal, and almost equally perilous, zeal, was displayed in his more advanced years.

The profligate libertine—the daring schemer—the bold executor—the wily politician—ambition's own child—was once again the subject of his attention; the exciter of his aged energies (energies far from impaired by time and employment). It sufficed that he deemed this man, dangerous as he was, to be a designer against the Roman liberties, to summon him again into that field where ea ch enemy of his country had, by turns, e'er found him at his post; for he himself declares, on the occasion to which I am alluding, "*ut nemo his annis viginti reipublicæ hostis fuerit, qui non bellum eodem tempore mihi quoque indixerit.*"

The "*divina Philippica*" needs no comment. We see there sufficient to shame the most shameless, and madly to irritate the convicted, the exposed subject of it.

Think of the honours that Cicero had then acquired—of the greatness he was in the enjoyment of—and the large share of that dearly-loved "public esteem" that he possessed, (the prospect of whose proud fruits had been no dull spur to his past efforts—a prospect which proved, indeed, to him,

> "The spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
> (The last infirmity of noble mind)
> To scorn delights, and live laborious days;")

and then, that all this was risked, aye, and alas! lost, by this vigorous and noble conduct. Fancy him, with the wreath of past actions on his brow; grown old in the service of the State; list to each word; mark each aim; and (if the effect is not before produced), that memorable declamation—"*defendi rempublicam, adolescens; non deseram, senex: mihi vero, optanda mors est, perfuncto iis rebus, quas adeptus sum, quasque gessi; et opto ut, moriens, populum Romanum liberum relinquam; hoc mihi majus a diis immortalibus dari nihil potest*"—must fill the hearer with the most unqualified admiration and respect for the great pronouncer; and it cannot but be most readily confessed, that every letter of his well-earned, and dearly-beloved title*, was gilt with such rich deserts, as shroud them in a security whence no poisonous aspersions can displace them; and

> "While the tree
> Of freedom's withered trunk puts forth a leaf,
> E'en for *his* tomb a garland let it be."

I have ascribed his love of country to other sources than ambition's fountain; but I am far from intimating that the attainment of those honours he sought and gained, in and by its exercise, was not prompted by that reprehensive and vainglorious pride, which was one of the few weaknesses that succeeded in obtaining a footing in the breast of Tully.

An excessive hankering for praise, and an ambition springing from innate self-love, require food of so rich a quality, and so

* Pater patriæ.

abundant a quantity, that the heart's better feelings are too oft undermined by it; and the conscience, too willingly deceived, becomes apt to colour the faulty steps, which haply lead in quick succession to attainment, with a fictitious hue, to which habit soon lends the garb of speciousness—a speciousness which, if not swift dispelled by the rays of a strong mind, rapidly condenses itself; and at last, so thoroughly envelopes the man, that his better judgment can never pierce through the baneful mist.

The primary, I mean less eager, desire of public glory and excellence, however, is closely allied with every principle of virtue: it is a chain whose every link is connected by the finest sensibilities of human nature; and, as it were, a power, provided for humanity, to thrust into play, and incite to exertion, faculties and feelings, which insensibility would otherwise chill.

This passion ever finds the friendliest soil in the most generous dispositions; and all those, as well elsewhere as among the ancient Romans, who have otherwise shone with the brightest effulgency, appear to have been strongly animated by it; although, forsooth, on considering the so small proportionate happiness that attends a great character, and the so large mass of disquietudes to which the thirst after it subjects the ambitious mind, we cannot but inwardly calculate what secret influential weight it is, that creates so great a preponderance in the scale of its mirage.

Cicero, so far from proving an exception to the latter, was a victim even, in some degree, to the former. His soul's affection was fixed on it to an extravagant degree, whilst his private vanity was insatiable—the two combined, drawing in their wake, blemishes, we would fain wish the pen of truth could pass o'er. Incorrigibly proud of success, the slightest reverse, by overshadowing his would-be *unerring* providence, was sure to raise, even from the sea of prosperity, a dark cloud of dejection, which showered its waters on a mind most readily imbibing them.

He was constantly on the watch, with overweening anxiety, lest his deserts should not shine to the courted world with due effulgency, and receive too faint a lustre from the reports men's tongues might make of them. His self-esteem bred overweening, though but temporary, confidence, such being readily, even oft needlessly, dispelled by his vacillating and *inconstant* temperament, proofs of which are glaringly apparent throughout his "political" career—that career, by which he mainly strove and hoped to attain the goal, whither

> "Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru,
> Non minus ignotis, generosis."

It is indeed stained with blemishes. He had not sufficient strength of mind to keep firmly to one object. Each bubble that might turn out a subservient ray to gild his name was eagerly caught at, and the most flagrant inconsistencies committed; although it must be confessed that the road to power and greatness has been seldom, as a whole, trodden in a more generally virtuous and honourable manner.

His letters to Atticus fully testify his weakness; though I fear

that (painful as it is to speak thus of so generally excellent a man) weakness must not limit the stigma. Can we believe that the tongue, whose master art poured forth the famed orations against Catiline, was all but prompted by the hopes of assistant aggrandizement, to lend itself to interest-sprung defence of that same traitor?

Cæsar, too, an active instrument in the orator's banishment, was meanly sued for favours. The good attained, and conquering Cæsar flattered, power shed her radiance o'er him; and till that sun had sunk beneath th' horizon, its light might also aid to swell *his* honours, and to aid *his* projects. Th' illfated one was courted—and the great Consul taught his tongue to praise. The heart, what were *its* sentiments? How stood the inner man affected toward the "world's" great master? Gratitude at least, if other kindlier feelings reigned not, must needs have there abided! We surely need not take a lower view—or speak of enmity, ill-will, and hate! Ah! can we think without a sigh for humanity, that on this lower step, with dauntless openness, did Cicero's spirit take its degraded stand. Yes; he that flattered the living Cæsar, when dead, exulted o'er th' ungrateful act, and e'en decked it with the name of "*gloriosissimi facti!*" while the men whose thankless hearts had edged the dagger's point with causeless hate, and sped the noble soul to an eternity, were what? "*Clarissimi vires!*" and that cold, wounded corse, which was so seeming honoured while enlivened by the generous spirit, was, by this very man, encircled with a dark halo of triumph and exultation.

His conduct towards Brutus also,redounds not either to his credit.

Power, fame, and self-praise, then, were the trio, at whose shrine, I may say, his every (public) votive offering was laid; and, the frequent gracious favours of his Goddesses being ever the sure harbingers of blindest confidence in *his own* unerring judgment, we might hence very reasonably infer, that any appearance of a reverse, would meet with an instantly strenuous resistance, from a mind thus schooled in its own esteem; and whose really brilliant energies had been thus generally nurtured by the mild rays of prosperity. But no: here again we prove that oft seen compound of disparities in the souls of men, that stubborn union, which truly seems resistless, and the existence of which we almost invariably encounter; although the soul be naturally a diamond, most gratefully receiving, however apparently rough at first, the impressions, with which time, labour, and art may be employed to polish it.

Here then was he, in the zenith of accumulating renown—the stamp of freshly-given Freedom on his patriot brow—all his noble faculties appreciated to the full, and in their fullest vigour; and thus, it seems, he deemed the tissue of his fortune's web, *ought* to remain unfaded.

But the heir-loom of mortality stepped in. Adversity, with her hydra head, stalked forth into this hitherto almost untrodden path; and grimly pouring forth her dusky draught, the novel, nauseous beverage passed the Roman's lips, whose portals ne'er had parted, for aught but the honied sip, its every particle rendered soft and balmy, by the halcyon breezes of unbroken glory.

The preserver of Rome, was to be driven from her gates—the hearths of the preserved, were to be closed against their defender—the laurel wreath torn from his brow—his glories shaded—a temporary eclipse of his fortune's sun—the "Pater patriæ" was banished!

Were I inclined, or expected, to moralize, this faithful picture of our fickle joys would furnish ample food for streams of thought. Our present design, however, leads but to search how the iron affected *his* great soul.

The result of our enquiry cannot but furnish matter of regret to his votaries (and who can fail to be of the number?) In lieu of that proud loftiness of demeanour, that unquivering front, with which we might most reasonably have expected to see him shed light, e'en o'er misfortune's gloom, we are but destined to lose sight of excellence in its native dust. The fostering sun of public favour and public power, seemed alone able to provide a clime, in which the exotic plant could blossom. His did not prove that rare temperament, which, securely based on a high self-conscientiousness, could thence, at need, derive its sole support. He bore this trial of it, on the contrary, in a manner most unworthy of himself; and 'tis his own pen that imparts the rugged truth.

There is a sort of mystic pleasure arising in the mind, as, in thinking of the past, with reference to endeared ones or ourselves, the path of thought leads it to some fair spot, where stands the memento of our brightest hours: hours whose (generally, at best,) so scant number, must render them, precious as the gushing stream in the desert's waste—a waste whose expanse must needs be traversed: though sad, *indeed*, is the pilgrim's case, who knows of *no* such fountain he can hope for, as a relief to the aridness of a life, whose days sorrow hath so totally o'ershaded, or the mildews of neglect rendered barren.

It is with a like feeling that one passes from such unpalatable, though just, censure of "this great man," to speak of him as Nature's own orator,—the favourite child of Eloquence's numerous offspring. For here we view him on that glorious height, whence he towers, pre-eminent, o'er compeers innumerable.

His writings, too (whose extent must create many a conjecture, as to the vastness and industry of the mind, which, though so amply occupied, still found time, and soundest matter, for such volumes,) are varied, learned, and beautiful; couched, too, for the most part, in language, rolling along, as it were, with the greatest pomp and force; for no man that ever wrote, knew the power and place of words better than he did. Doubtless, a consciousness of such powers, and a natural and due appreciation of the perfection to which they might be carried, were at once the spur and balm that partly urged, and partly compensated, those *incessant hours* (for such they *must* have been to produce them) of toil, as well as abstinence from the giddy, though enticing pleasures of the luxurious Roman world; whose enervating clime, and sister customs, could have been no dull stimulus to wear "the crown of rosebuds."

A solitary, and great, exception, he moved *above* the yielding throng; scorning their paltry pleasures and frivolous pastimes, he

ever sought his solitary retirement; "but Cicero never was alone"—"he had no leisure."

To our loss, we must needs be content to *scan* those magic lines, which once this Orphean speaker uttered. If, then, we e'en now thrill with delight—our every power of admiration called upon—the soul, perforce, mixed up with it, as each struck cord vibrates its feeling through the breathless chambers of the breast; *what* must have been our spell-bound state, had we but *heard* the moulded tongue of the great utterer usher each sentence forth; marked the so compact flood, in rolling majesty, each obstacle o'erborne, rushing in its full, but ne'er o'erflowing, channel, to reach, triumphant, the wished-for shore? How would the grandeur of invective's torrent have awed the listening spirit, o'erwhelming all in hoarse and headlong fury! Then, as the whirlwind stills, a calm steals o'er the waves, which bear the man, entranced on their bosom, as they glide, melodious, through the valley of narrative and description, their native purity, glistening with the rays, of shining illustration. Anon, its stream flows faster—'tis through the plains of stately exposition, urged onward, may be, by the gales of illusion. "The mind would, in short, have been kept on the full stretch, in constant and varied attention, as the speaker's voice called forth the needed sentiments; nor would the eye" e'en lack its share of wonderment; for that would see

> "Tully's graceful attitude; upraised
> His outstretched arm he waves, in act to speak
> Before the silent masters of the world,
> And eloquence arrays him."

Thus shone the King of Orators—the great tamer of language—Mercury's chosen son.

I should, however, be much disposed to ascribe his so great superiority to his many heathen compeers, both with the noblest organ, and the pen, not alone to his great natural and cultivated talents, but to those higher, I may say, more heavenly, particles of his soul, which taught him that this earth was not destined, to form the contracted horizon of the panting spirit—that this sickly, mouldering case, was sure ne'er made to be the sole tabernacle of those consciously superior parts, which ofttimes whispered in his thirsty ear, that *they* were formed for better things.

For this belief acted in two ways:—First, as he himself tells us, because the contemplation of celestial things makes a man speak and think more sublimely, and magnificently, when he descends to human affairs; and secondly, it would very forcibly operate upon a temperament such as Cicero's, as a stimulus, to engrave such records of his powers, as the hand of time, would ne'er efface, from the tablet of posterity—that posterity, whose flattering praises, he trusted, that his immortal soul might from a "*somewhere*" behold.

A man, says Bulwer, oft becomes great, by a "species of spiritual sorcery within; a Pythia, which prophecies that he *shall* be so, and renders the life one vast effort to fulfil the warning;" and such a spark as this, no doubt, was kindled in Cicero's bosom by the germs of these dreams of an "*hereafter*."

He was in this, his glorious vision, a mighty exception to the heathen world. Though possessed of bounteous funds for present happiness—of amplest food for present thought—yet his was not the mind that could calmly sit down under the burden of the passing hour; *he* could ill endure to leave the "future" all unguessed; that yearning for the great "beyond," which attests our immortality, fastened a sure hold upon his feelings. His nobler energies disdained the lowering thought, that a soul, capable of so vast perfection, *could* be destined to prove but a passing shadow, and, as the grovelling dust that encased it, to fall away to nought, when scarce created. No, truly; this sure harbinger of a purer being, this more ennobled self-esteem, did its full duty. The *man* shook off his earthy covering, and strove to act in guise more suited to his higher nature; he looked upon this state as a mere preparatory soil—a spot, to cradle the young soul—to be transplanted thence, to a fairer and more genial climate, where it might expand and blossom to all eternity.

This hope—this glorious prospect, is the source to whence we owe, in a great measure, at least, those rich treats, which his flood of stimulated genius, has poured forth into the crowded volumes which now exist, to gratify, astonish, and improve the mind—products which bear out and exemplify most fully the import of Collins's charming stanza,—

> "But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
> What was thy delightful measure?
> Still it whispered promised pleasure,
> And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail."

What remains, then, for us to note concerning the parts of Cicero? His public life and acts have briefly been commented on; nought, therefore, can remain but that moral and private portion which, in the biography and character of almost every great one of antiquity, we would fain pass over, or at any rate, arrive at with regret, and strive to find excuses for—excuses, to which, the then darkened state of the moral energies tends, not inconsiderably, to give colour. But how different is our gratifying task. We pass on through the public and more conspicuous records—those portions which his proud nurse would most delight to dwell on—those portions which the anti-Christian world deemed the first, and most requisite, ingredients of excellence; and which, in its then state, appear those most likely to have swallowed up the practice at least, if not the bare idea, of aught else more peremptory in its demands on the heart's best efforts. We pass all this, I say, with praise and wonderment most due; and so far, we run but a parallel course with any one whose task might lead him, to comment on the excellencies and defects, of the great majority of the stars of antiquity. But there we quit them. Our path leads not to needed glossary; no defending arguments—no specious appeals—no necessary or severe censure—need be the painful close, which the panegyrist, or can be that which the decrier, of Cicero, has in prospect. It conducts us, on the contrary, through the flowery vale of virtuous excellence alone. We see on either side the beaten tracks of debauchery and sin, whose

every grain has found the ready foot to tread it into the too frequented line. We there see the gay faces of the young—the proud greatness of manhood—and the pampered blind one of age—each in vast throngs thoughtlessly and fearlessly traversing the soul-scorching path; scorching none the less, because its lurid heat is falsely tempered by that avenue of withering vices, whose clustering branches unite in cursed cöoperation, and form a covering, which may for a time, aye, perhaps for ever, afford a seeming pleasant shade to the thronging multitude of lost ones beneath them; concealing the true nature of that otherwise deadly glare, which first blinds the soul, and then consumes it. On, on, we go, each instant wondering at no temporary divergement into the alluring highways on either side; and wonder still we may—admire we must—and might, with profit, imitate; for still the path is straight—still is its surface unspotted by the damps of vice—still virtue's beacon forms the fair horizon, till the great soul quits us to mix (we may believe) with glory.

Oh! had but Cicero's star still shone when the light of heavenly doctrines first burst upon the astonished world: when all those dreamy visions and hopes which his spirit had cherished, were, in their most glorious shape, confirmed and preached: when the son of Tarsus, with godly eloquence, hushed in deep wonderment and awe, the heathen multitudes: how would his soul have joyous bounded in his breast—his greedy ear imbibed the grateful truths—his thirsty spirit sucked the dews of heaven! How steadfast would have been the faith of one so fully prepared for such immortal doctrines. Although he so dearly loved the honied smiles of mortal flattery, yet I believe, that then, e'en had the whole creation frowned, and all nature looked black about him, he would still have gloried in the budding hopes of life immortal, and frail man made perfect, and the whole being have been deeply convinced "that the heavens declared the glory of God, and the firmament showed his handywork."

He ever acted in such a manner as to clearly prove that his beautiful ideas of virtue—his admiration of it—and his fine, but simple gradation of thought, to show how amiable she is—are not the mere product of a studied pen: not the bare effect of powerful descant on theme so exalted; but that it was ever before his eyes, the sought and cherished goddess of his soul, before whom his so praiseworthy paternal love strove to bow down his fostered son; proof of which we may see in his "*De Officiis*."

His domestic attachments, indeed, can neither be too much eulogised, nor easily surpassed; for, soaring high above the debased crowd, his nature scorned intrigue, though, doubtless, temptations were in *his* way most abundantly; and, 'stead of e'en tasting, the ever-proffered goblet of debauched delight, his home, his endeared ones, and friendship's tie, were magnets, whose attraction was, to him, far, far more potent. Generous to his friends, his foes (not his country's) ever found him placable: nor was the lustre of integrity's bright gem e'er robbed of smallest shade of purity: the whole character adorned and crowned by those two ornaments of "Virtue," which make her shine to the greatest advantage—"cheerfulness and good nature."

Such, then, he lived—how did he die? Was it in peace, in the rich chambers of some one of his splendid abodes? Was it by the hand of chilly age, the parting spirit gladdened by th' assiduous cares of a loving household? No:—'twas a death, whose fatal sources sprang from fount more worthy than the stream of time; cheered by no voice of kindred sympathy and sorrow.

He had lived for his country, and for her was that patriot spirit poured forth. The tyrants, whose aims he had ever sought to frustrate, full well aware that freedom's cry could ne'er be stifled while he yet lived to utter it, and smarting, too, under th' already oft-felt censure and reproach, placed, first, his hated name upon the list of doomed ones.

On learning this, his natural indecision and timidity, for a brief instant, came over him—but he died "a Cicero" still.

We cannot doubt that he might, with the greatest readiness, have gone to Brutus, Cassius, or Pompey; nay, his very slave might, perchance, have saved him; but death seemed to him far preferable —death, for, that country for which he had lived—death, in, that country, in which alone he would have been content to die; and whose fast expiring spark of liberty, he deemed his breath could never more revive. The hell hounds carried back the welcome offering to the triple tyrants; and, in that Forum, in which the living man had called forth each emotion at his will, did his mangled limbs, with silent eloquence, draw forth the scorching tear from many an eye, and wring from many a heart a pitying groan.

None more than he excite so painful emotions in their death, or deeper interest in their life. We see in him all that can urge to admiration, as well as what can win its way to the softer parts of the heart, and there securely twine itself; although unaided by those more lofty and heroic characteristics, which subdue the mind by the grandeur of their views, and the intensity of their exertions. We see him, as the patriot in its fullest sense—the eloquent—the author, of vast powers—the philosopher, with soundest reasonings—his mind the seat of all the better feelings—the father and the friend —while, mounting in bright virtue's car, he soars above the heathen multitude, untainted by debauch, unscathed by all those reigning vices, the longing panter for a future world.

His much-loved land, the world's great queen, hath sunk from her towering throne, and all her glories are past and faded. Those triumphant laurels, which seemed to burst spontaneously into existence, glistening with the dews of greatness; and weaving their tendrils o'er her every monument, have withered 'neath the gleam of time's keen scythe. Her sevenfold basis hath rocked, tottered, and crumbled; and the gay plumage of the "*rara avis*" no longer glitters to the gaze. All, all, is fallen, humbled, and, if not forgotten, living but as the thing that is past, whose once existing grandeur seems, as it were, to *demand* a place in memory's scroll; whilst the harsh voice of the resistless one still warningly exclaims,

> "*Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa*
> *Obrutaque horrenti vasta theatra situ.*
> *Hæc sunt Roma! Viden' velut hæc cadavera tantæ*
> *Urbis adhuc spirant imperiosa Minas?*"

But the name of her noblest child will ever be fostered in the bosom of posterity. The mighty flood of time, as it onward rolls, serves but to give distinctness to his excellencies; and its oft-blighting dews appear to joy in *nurturing* those seeds of admiration which successive ages have planted o'er his memory; seeds, that have most luxuriantly swelled that already blooming garland, which, e'en this gross world ne'er fails to weave o'er the tomb of

"GREATNESS."

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